

SKETCHES
OF
BUENOS AYRES
AND
CHILE.

BY SAMUEL HAIGH.

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P R E F A C E.

GENERALS, colonels, naval and military captains, chargés-d'affairs, consuls, commissioners, miners, and mineralogists, having all, at various times, thought proper to present to the world some account of their wanderings in the "other hemisphere," I shall also take the liberty to offer to an enlightened and intelligent public a few observations respecting a country where, to use a nautical phrase, I have been "on and off" for the last eleven years; and, during the early part of that period, I had an opportunity of witnessing political events of the most stirring character,

the results of which have tended effectually to achieve the grand object of rescuing Chile and Peru from the dominion of the Spanish crown.

When the reader is acquainted with an author's general pursuits, he sometimes understands his remarks the better, and I will therefore explain what were the views and prospects which first induced me to visit those "stronds afar remote."

In the early part of the year 1817, when I was twenty-two years of age, I was in a very eligible situation in a foreign merchant's house in London, of great opulence and respectability. One morning, in the "merry month of May," on entering the counting-house, which was west of 'Change a mile, I espied a letter upon my desk addressed to me. It was from a rich relation, intimating, that if I came to him immediately, I might probably hear something to my advantage. At these talismanic words, so welcome to every one, I lost no time in translating my person into

the city, to learn what good the gods had provided for me.

I found my worthy kinsman in his *sanctum sanctorum*, or inner office, seated at his desk, upon a high counting-house stool; and, on my entrance, without "much ado," he opened proceedings in a very solemn and impressive manner. He stated, that great news had just been received from South America, no less than the opening of Chile to foreign trade, in consequence of the victory of Chacabuco, gained by the patriots; that this was the time to make a push for a fortune; and as he and two partners contemplated sending out a cargo, to get the "cream of the market," if I would undertake its management, I should have an opportunity of filling my coffers with ingots of gold and silver, or, as he quaintly expressed it in his synonymous phraseology, of "making a man of *myself*."

The vivid manner in which this chance was com-

municated to me, operated like lightning on my senses; the idea of proceeding to a region, where one city had silver pavements, and another had temples roofed with gold, infected me on the instant with his *yellow* fever, and I became delirious with joy at the golden prospect so suddenly opened to my view. Time being of the utmost importance, I was told I must prepare to leave in a week, and the strictest secresy was enjoined, lest "the world should suppose" that my kinsman and his colleagues were speculators.

Matters being thus far settled, I returned to my principal, to acquaint him with my sudden intention of divorcing myself for ever from his journal and ledger, as I had that morning received "a new light", and had a "serious call" to take a "far distant journey."

He remonstrated, and said, that I neither could nor should leave him; that the notice was too short; that all was not gold that glittered;

that I might be mistaken in my views; that he had a prospect for me in the Brazils, &c. I however turned a deaf ear to all his arguments, and concluded by stating that I would call once more for the purpose of settling our accounts, but that my mind was resolutely fixed upon undertaking a secret expedition.

It was not, however, without a qualm that I thus left my worthy Brazilian friend, for he had always treated me in the handsomest manner, and in his service I had been for several years, but this feeling was quickly put to flight when I contemplated the prodigious change in my circumstances. I felt as confused as Macbeth, when he was pronounced thane of Cawdor, at finding Dame Fortune, so unexpectedly, buckled "on my back;" I therefore next walked into Hyde Park alone, to take a cooler view of coming events, and fell into that pleasing reverie called castle building,

from which I did not awake till the sun was nearly set, when I left the Park.

Formerly I had been accustomed to dine in one of those dark dens called "chop-houses," situated in some obscure alley near 'Change, amongst tallow and Turkey merchants, cotton and coffee brokers, Jews and jobbers; I now felt the effect of more elevated ideas, so walking into "a crack hotel," at the West end, I called for a choice dinner, and a bottle of prime claret to drink success to my new enterprize. At night I retired to my lodgings, and went to bed, but sleep was long a stranger to my eyes, and it was not until about the grey of the morning that I fell into a slumber, and dreamed that I had an audience of Montezuma, and was introduced to the virgins of the sun; that I had returned from the mines of Potosi, in a ship laden with dollars, and had purchased the Marquis of Stafford's estates for cash.

The next day, I rode into Kent, to see my mother, and inform her of the brilliant change in my affairs, and of my immediate departure from England. The good old lady was quite astounded and averse to my going abroad, but I reconciled her by representing the enormous wealth which should “illustrate” my return.

On the morrow I returned to the city and bent my steps towards the neighbourhood of Aldermanbury. In the first interview with my kinsman, terms had not been mentioned, for of course, considering the handsome manner in which the speculators had shewn me the ready road to riches, I felt that I was dealing with persons of the utmost liberality: judge, therefore, my surprise, that morning, when my relative informed me he had persuaded his partners, with some difficulty, to allow me the enormous sum of *three hundred pounds, per annum*, as a fair remuneration for managing their argosy.

Reader! if it has ever been your luck to make but one step from the top of a high tree to the bottom, you may form some idea of what poets mean by bathos, or the art of sinking. I once performed that evolution, in my youth, but the descent was not more rapid than that which my hopes experienced "from the sublime to the ridiculous," upon this occasion: my spirits, which for three days had been at fever heat, now sunk down to zero, and I saw all the golden visions which my delighted fancy had conjured up, vanish at once in a Scottish mist.

It was now, however, too late to complain: the thing was done, and I had agreed to enter the service of this considerate and liberal firm; therefore, to make a tedious story short, a vessel having been purchased, the cargo neatly assorted, the whole packed into small mule loads, according to order, and being safely shipped "by the grace of God," insurance duly effected at Lloyd's,

ship and cargo cleared at the customs, on the 19th day of June, 1817, having received my final instructions from the triumvirate, with promises of "the most strenuous support," I found myself seated in a postchaise on the road to Gravesend, by the side of a most delightful companion, in the shape of "a box of samples," about the size of a banker's iron safe, and in my eyes as valuable in its contents.

At Gravesend the vessel was at anchor in the stream, with the blue Peter up, and her fore-top-sail cast loose and shivering, the captain waiting for me at the White Hart. After dining, I embarked, and took charge of the cargo and destination of "the good ship the Catalina, whereof John Warner was master," bound for Buenos Ayres and Chile.

The next afternoon we dropped down the river, and, the following day, our pilot left us in the

Downs. The wind veering round more to the Eastward, the white cliffs of "dear Dover" vanished swiftly from our view, and I bade my native land "good night."

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ERRATA.

- Page 10, line 18, *for any read my*
— 57, — 21, *for Guacho read Gaucho*
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— 143, — 8, *for under republic read other republic*
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*The Cacique Cangapol of Huechin,
and his Wife.*



CHAPTER I.

Preliminary Observations. British Attack on Buenos Ayres. "Memoirs of General Miller." Author's personal Narrative. Arrival at the Rio de la Plata. Landing at Buenos Ayres; general Description of that City; Manners, &c. of the Inhabitants.

THE first spirit of revolution amongst the Spanish Colonies in South America, bears its origin about the year 1804, in the Caraccas, though it was paralysed for a time by the total failure and death of the unfortunate Miranda; but it was not until some years after, that this feeling exhibited itself on the shores of the River Plate. Immediately after the usurpation of the crown of Spain, by Napoleon, the discontent in the provinces of Buenos Ayres was openly manifested; previous to that period the Spanish Colonies had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted peace,

and, with the exception of their Indian contests, which were not to be compared in their extent and ferocity to those of the sister Continent, the miseries of war had been strangers to that vast region which the Spaniards possessed both by right of discovery and conquest.

The sudden and hasty attack of Sir Home Popham and General Beresford upon Buenos Ayres, called this part of the world into particular notice in England, in 1806. The gross misconception of its enormous wealth and capacity for trade, made an impression on the commercial part of the community, the results of which are fresh in their minds to this day. The expedition under General Whitelock, to secure the conquest of this place, and which terminated so unfortunately in consequence of the incapacity of its leader, tended to tarnish the glory of the British arms; and our banners, captured on that occasion, are still to be seen hanging in the church of St. Domingo, presenting (to an English eye,) melancholy mementos of that disastrous defeat.

In consequence of that disaster, the province of Buenos Ayres and the city of Monte Video (which had been gallantly taken by storm under Sir Samuel Auchmuty,) were given up by capitulation; and the whole of our brave officers and troops re-embarked, to be again wafted across the Atlantic, in complete disgust at their ill success, which they justly attributed to the imbecility of their commander-in-chief.

The courage with which this signal repulse of the English inspired the Buenos Ayreans, convinced them that, united, they were equal to defend themselves against a large European army, and the liberal factions which broke out, in consequence of the then state of affairs in the Peninsula, quickly obtained ascendancy enough to throw off all obedience to Spain.

It is not my intention to enter into the details of the manner in which the revolution was brought about, or of the different parties engaged in the laudable struggle; the names which figured in those times, seldom transpired beyond the Atlantic, and the most remarkable have been long since

consigned to oblivion, as the all-absorbing interest in the state of Europe, at that period, left the Colonies as it were to themselves: suffice it to say, that the shores of the River Plate were the first in South America upon which the flag of independence was maintained, it having never been lowered from the day it was first displayed. This symbol of liberty, however, was not preserved there, without a most arduous struggle, and the cost of much blood and treasure. A Buenos Ayrean may certainly feel proud when he contemplates the successive sanguinary campaigns which his provinces maintained alone against the numerous and well-disciplined troops of the King of Spain, which constantly issued, from Peru and its immediate dependencies, against the more desultory but warlike people of the plains, where action after action was lost; and yet, before any permanent advantage could be gained, another army presented itself, like magic, before the astonished Spaniards. For the particulars of these campaigns, fought with various success, I refer the reader to the very able work, "Memoirs of

General Miller," which has so recently appeared before the public, and which, for historical accuracy, dispassionate view of political affairs, and general information relative to South America in the present day, is certainly the best book extant.

The present volume is not intended either as an historical, statistical, or political description of the countries I have seen, but is merely the result of observations jotted down at the time, in my note-book, and may, strictly speaking, be called a personal narrative, as it contains details of the various impressions left upon my mind on first visiting the new world. I shall, therefore, commence my remarks from the year 1817, in the autumn of which I first set foot on the shores of the great Rio de la Plata. Scarcely any thing worth mentioning occurred during the voyage, a period of ten heavy weeks, which was as dull and as monotonous as is usually experienced in a small ill-savoured, badly-found, merchant brig. The same penury which was an "inherent virtue" in the majority of the speculators, had extended

itself to the vessel. Two lean sheep, bought cheap at Gravesend, a litter of small pigs, and a couple of coops of fowls, constituted our live stock; the rest was ship's allowance—salt beef, hard enough to bear a polish, and biscuit none of the newest. To part of the former the elements laid a claim, for we had scarcely been a week on our voyage, when, lying-to in a heavy gale of wind, off Scilly, a huge green sea broke in upon our decks, and having half “drowned the cocks,” as well as their female acquaintance in the coops, absconded with the whole swinish multitude, whose piercing screams at this cruel separation were “louder than the weather.”

On the fourteenth day we passed close to the beautiful island of Madeira, with its vineyards sloping to the sea; in three days more got the N. E. trade wind, which we ran down in fine weather, crossed the line in 23 W. long., and got becalmed in 2 S. lat. One afternoon, whilst lying in this state of inactivity, a sailor struck the captain, and a mutiny took place. We mustered forces on both sides and a scuffle ensued, which ended by

the ringleader getting knocked down and put into irons; this effected a change in his revolutionary principles, and in three days he begged to go again to his duty. Nothing further occurred, worth narrating, until, on the first day of September, we hailed St. Mary's Cape, the North entrance of the River Plate.

This vast volume of waters, which disgorges at once the tributary streams of three immense arteries of the spacious continent of South America, is unrivalled in its extent,—its extreme width at the mouth being upwards of one hundred and fifty miles; but the water is quite fresh until within a few miles of Monte Video, and even there it is often drinkable. The river is thick and discoloured by a yellow mud; it abounds in many and dangerous shoals; the shores on either side are low, particularly to the south, and those on the north side, though somewhat bolder and rocky, are not discernible at any distance. In steering, we passed the islands of Lobos and Flores, and, between the latter and the shoal, called “the English Bank,” came in sight of the bold mount

called Monte Video. Passing the handsome and well-fortified town of that name, we shaped our course across the river, and "sighted" the low land of Point Indio, and the Bay of Ensenada, and nothing remarkable presented itself until we perceived the towers and town of Buenos Ayres slowly emerging from the margin of the waters.

Mr. Warner, our captain, being an excellent pilot of the River Plate, (having formerly surveyed it when master of H. M. S. *Nereus*, Captain P. Heywood,) brought our bark up in good style; so that, on the evening of the 2nd of September, we cast anchor in the outer roads, opposite the town of Buenos Ayres, bearing S. seven miles distant. The outer roads is the station for all his Majesty's ships, as there is not water enough in the Belizas, or inner roadstead, for vessels of deep draught: and boating being very dangerous, during bad weather, communication is sometimes cut off from the shore for days together. This was our case, as it blew strong, we could not land until the next day. The city, as seen from the outer roads, presents a gloomy and monastic appearance, on account of its numerous

domes and steeples, and this impression was strengthened, at the period I am writing of, by the number of priests and friars who thronged the streets.

H. M. S. Hyacinth, Capt. Sharp, was lying at anchor close to us, and in the morning Mr. Warner and myself went on shore in one of her boats.

As it was low water, the boat could only approach to within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and I was much struck by the curious mode of landing. A number of light carts, drawn by two horses, one with a wild looking Indian on his back, approached the boat, for the passengers. The rickety state of these slight vehicles, which are composed of cane, and open at the bottom, exposes the occupant to a soaking, before he reaches the shore, so that he is rather damped than animated, and, as he is dragged slowly through the water to the beach, he bears more resemblance to a criminal on the eve of making his exit from this world, than to a traveller about to enter a great capital.

I now found myself in a strange country, where

scarcely a vestige of any thing European was to be seen. The appearance of the natives, most of them on horseback, in their bright and showy colours, is very grotesque, and the brilliant poncho and baizes, in which the lower class of people are clothed, have a most picturesque effect.

We presented ourselves to the officer on guard at the mole, and were allowed to proceed into the town. As I did not know a soul in the place, previous to delivering my letters of introduction, I took up my quarters at Los Tres Reyes, a good inn, kept by an Englishman. I then addressed myself to Mr. Geo. Dickson, a resident merchant, and from him I received every information relative to the commercial and political state of the country, which served me as a guide to my future movements. I had received instructions to dispose of the cargo, under any direction, in Buenos Ayres, provided a counter revolution should have taken place in Chile, but as the latter country was considered quite secure in the hands of its new masters, I made immediate preparations for our departure for the Pacific.

The town of Buenos Ayres has been often described, and must be fresh in the memory of most readers. There is a wild and unfinished look about it, which is any thing but pleasing; excepting in a few streets, in the vicinity of the Plaza or Great Square, the houses are low and dirty, and become more so as you approach the environs. There are, however, a number of well-built houses in the principal streets: they are mostly one story high, built of brick, and whitewashed; with spacious courts, areas, and out-houses in the Spanish style, and the usual "illustration" of a large Gothic gateway; sometimes the arms of the first owners are to be seen engraved in stone above the gate. The roofs, called *asateos*, are flat and paved with stone; some of the *patios*, or courtyards, are paved with black and white marble, tessellated. In the better sort of houses they have a canvass awning spread from the roof, over the *patios*, which serves for shade against the extreme heat of the sun. The windows seldom have glass, but they are protected with a *reja*, or iron railing, which gives them the look of a prison.

The churches are large and gloomy on the outside, and the walls of most of them are overgrown on the tops, with long grass and weeds.

The great square of the city is large and handsome, with an obelisk in the centre, protected on the river side by a fort, which, though of no great strength, has a handsome appearance, but was, originally, only intended to protect the town from the Pampa Indians *.

* When the English invaded the town, under Whitelock, this fort rendered eminent service by firing at the steeple of St. Domingo, in which church part of Crawford's division had taken shelter from the heavy fire of the natives, (who were stationed on flat tops of the houses,) and by bringing the ruins of the steeple upon their heads did great execution. This is the division that was reported to have had orders not to fire. It is said that Sir Samuel Auchmuty, who had penetrated as far as the Bull Ring, sent word to General Whitelock that he would capture the town with his division, if permitted, but the panic which had seized the commander-in-chief made him deaf to this proposal. The marks of the cannon-balls were plainly to be seen on the steeple.

This fort is surrounded by a wall and fosse, it is the residence of the governor, and there are several public offices in it, relative to the army and marine department. The market, for all sorts of fruits, vegetables, and game, is held in the great square, which constantly presents a busy appearance. The surrounding piazas are shops displaying all descriptions of manufactured goods, from Europe, China, and the East Indies.

The square where the beef is sold deserves remark, it is situated at the outskirts of the town. The meat is dealt out of a covered cart, and its appearance is any thing but a provocative to the appetite, being cut into long steaks, and its edges generally fringed with black. Beef, in this city, is much superior to the mutton. Calves are not allowed to be slaughtered, lest such a practice should injure the hide-trade.

A few streets, in the centre of the city, are paved, but in general great annoyance is felt from the roads presenting a slough of mud, in the rainy season, and a hurricane of dust in dry weather. The foot-paths are narrow and dis-

agreeable, and the posts are placed almost close to the houses, which renders walking extremely irksome, especially as many of the paths are causeways elevated from two to three feet above the road.

There is, however, in the streets of Buenos Ayres, a greater appearance of liveliness and bustle than in any other South American town. Numerous badly-shaped carts, with creaking wheels of an enormous circumference, though not quite round, without any kind of tire, urged on by half caste Indians, almost as brutal as the animals they are driving; Negroes and Mulattoes, Indian porters, laden with bales and cases of goods, or with serons of hard dollars, (for in those good times no bank had issued forth its paper currency, nor had any loan for this country been raised in London;) ladies in their caleses, (two-wheeled chariots very showily painted, each drawn by a mule with a black postilion on its back,) others walking on their shopping or visiting expeditions, priests and friars, merchants and military, all apparently in

a great bustle, conspire to render the city far from dull or uninteresting. I have before said that the churches are numerous—the principal ones are the cathedral, San. Domingo, San. Merced, San. Francisco, and the Recoleta; these are very large and handsome. In the time of the Spaniards the churches were ornamented with a profusion of gold and silver, but the revolutionary wars have drained them of their wealth, and the altars and images are now adorned with tinsel instead of substance—a conclusive evidence of the declining power of priestcraft, as church property was finally impressed into the service of the state, although many and dreadful anathemas were thundered from the pulpit, upon those who should be sacrilegious and daring enough to infringe upon its sanctity.

The churches are always open, a fact of which one is well apprized by the continual ding-dong of the bells. The masses are held between daylight and noon, and on festival days from eleven till one is the most fashionable time; the ladies may then be seen in groups followed by their

black or Mulatto girls, carrying carpet rugs of the most brilliant colours for them to kneel upon, as the churches have no pews, and are all paved either with brick or stone. A Spanish belle shows off to great advantage in the mass-dress, which is of black silk, perfectly adjusted to the shape of the body; a black or white lace veil is thrown gracefully over the head, and is sometimes contrasted with a bright-coloured silk shawl worn over the shoulders; the shoes and stockings are of white silk, for the Spanish ladies never wear either black or *blue* stockings, and they take great pride in their feet, which is not to be wondered at, as they generally display a very small foot and a neatly turned ankle.

Most of the women are very good-looking, and some are perfect beauties in the exquisite outline of their features; their complexions are usually pale and incline to olive; the nose aquiline, and there is much sweetness about the mouth. The large dark eyes, for which the Spanish beauties are so deservedly celebrated, occasionally shoot forth a volley of ex-

pression not often to be met with in more northern climes. Their figures are extremely good, and they know how to set them off by great attention to gracefulness of carriage. They invariably dance and walk well, and with such apparent ease that not the least tinge of affectation is visible,—indeed there is less of that amongst them than many of my countrymen who have written upon the subject are willing to admit; but no one, who has observed the grace and ease with which a Buenos Ayrean lady carries herself, would for an instant hesitate to express his admiration. I must not omit to notice, also, the taste they display in the disposal of the glossy ringlets of their “raven hair,” which is never disfigured by either cap or bonnet; the sole ornaments are a comb, and sometimes a flower, and the dark clustering curls are left flowing on the neck down to the shoulders.

CHAPTER II.

The Gentlemen of Buenos Ayres. Fashions. Government. Population. Bull-Fights. Theatres. Horse Racing and Cock-Fighting. Wild Deer Hunting. Commerce. Departure for Chile.

HAVING described the ladies, it is but fair to speak of the young men of the higher order. The gentlemen of Buenos Ayres, dress as well as those of the same class either in London or Paris; and their manners are free from affectation or effeminacy. Every youth is a good horseman, and prides himself upon possessing a barb of Andalusian breed. They are brave, liberal, and disinterested, but are somewhat proud and arrogant; the latter qualities, if not excusable, are at least easily accounted for, no republic in South America, having contributed more to the destruction of Spanish dominion in the new world than their own. They have acquired the epithet of

Pintor, or boaster, amongst their neighbours, and they are rather disliked by them, but they are in general superior in talent and information to the inhabitants of any of the other republics, which may account for this animosity.

The general society, at Buenos Ayres, is agreeable: after being properly introduced into a family, it is considered to be quite in etiquette to visit at any hour you may think proper, and you are always well received; the evening, or tertulia hour, however, is the most fashionable. These tertulias are delightful in the extreme, and are quite without ceremony, which constitutes part of their charm.

In the evening, the family assemble in the sala, or drawing-room, which is presently filled with visitors, especially should it be a house of *haut ton*.

The amusements are *conversazione*, waltzing, the Spanish *contre-dance*, music, (the piano and guitar,) and sometimes singing. On entering, you salute the lady of the house, and this is the only ceremony; you may retire without any for-

mality; and in this manner, should your inclination lead, you may visit half a dozen turtulias in the course of an evening. The manners and conversation of the ladies are very free and agreeable, and as it is their custom to be very attentive to strangers, an erroneous impression has frequently been formed relative to their freedom. Every one, however, who is at all acquainted with the nature of society, must be aware that were such an unrestrained license, as regards visiting, to be allowed in England, the manners would become as free and degagé; and it is in consequence of the severe misrepresentations of strangers, who have been kindly entertained at these turtulias, that the best societies, both in Buenos Ayres and Chile, are now cautious whom they admit on visiting terms; and the reception of foreigners is more formal and reserved.

The evening dresses of the ladies are very tasteful, and I believe the French fashions are preferred. At balls and public assemblies, they are decorated with the finest fabrics that England, France, or the "gorgeous East" can produce.

There are in Buenos Ayres both French and English tailors, mantua-makers, and milliners, who follow close upon the best fashions in Europe; and there can be no doubt that it is a city considerably in advance of old Spain, with regard to modern stile and improvement; the manners of the inhabitants assimilate more to those of the two great capitals, London and Paris, than to those of their more sedate and silent neighbours the Dutch.

The coffee-houses are frequented by the best company, of the male sex only; as this city may be said to be the cradle of the revolution, politics and party spirit run very high, and have, on many occasions, drenched the streets with the blood of its citizens, both in partizan warfare and upon the scaffold. More sanguinary proceedings of this description have been exhibited in Buenos Ayres, than in any other town in South America.

The government has so repeatedly changed both its men and measures, since its emancipation from despotism, that it would be difficult to

pass an opinion upon it. The established form is composed of a governor, called President, and of the Cabildo, a municipal body elected by the citizens; but it is not surprising that a nation which has so lately shaken off the thralldom of the blind and bigotted Spanish crown, should be unprepared for embracing at once all the advantages of liberty; especially when we, in the old world, who so proudly boast of that blessing, can hardly be said to have attained it in perfection, after the lapse of centuries.

The population of Buenos Ayres is estimated at one hundred thousand inhabitants, including Whites, Negroes, Mestizoes, and Indians. The pure Whites are not numerous, and the mass of the people are of such a mixed breed of Whites, Indians, and Negroes, that it would be difficult to establish their exact origin: the Gauchos, or countrymen, descend, originally, from a White father and Indian mother.

There was a scarcity of young men in the city, at the time I was there, 1817, but as the most honorable career open for a youth is the army,

the destruction of this branch of the population, during the constant wars with Peru, the Bande Orientale, and in minor civil contests, is easily accounted for. This is, in a great measure, the reason that this fine city has not increased in population in proportion to younger countries that have enjoyed, almost uninterruptedly, the blessings of peace.

The bull-fights, theatres, and cock-fights, were generally crowded.

Dining one day with several English gentlemen, they proposed our going to see a bull-fight, which was to be a grand one, it being a festival day; we accordingly went thither. The street leading out of the town, towards the ring, extending about a quarter of a mile, was thronged with company, in calesas or on foot, and ladies, seated at the windows or balconies, on both sides of the way, gave the approach a very lively appearance.

We found the Bull Ring, (which is a spacious area surrounded by an amphitheatre,) already crowded by well-dressed company of both sexes,

and of every class, from the governor and his lady, to the Gaucho and his squaw.

The bulls are fought one by one, and, on some occasions, twenty are killed in the course of an afternoon. A door opens, and a wild bull, which has previously been goaded almost to madness, comes bounding into the ring, lashing his sides with his tail, and foaming at the mouth; he then stands still and looks about for an object of attack. His opponents are two picadores, on horseback, each armed with a long lance; eight or nine corredores, or runners, on foot; and a matador, who makes his appearance when the bull is to be despatched.

The scene soon becomes very animated: the bull making a rush first at one and then at another of his foes. The picadore requires great strength and agility in resisting the desperate charge the bull sometimes makes at him, and I have seen both the horse of one of them, and the bull, with their fore legs in the air, supported for an instant by the single spear of the picadore, which had pierced the shoulder of the latter

animal and thus forced him aside. The corredores next hover round him, and strike darts with fire-works attached to them, into his neck and shoulders, when he bellows in madness and becomes blind in his attacks, rushing at hap-hazard against every object, until, having been thus worried and tormented for some time, the matador is loudly called for to despatch him, who makes his appearance with a crimson scarf in his left hand, and a long straight sword in his right. The bull fixes his eye upon him, as he holds up the scarf, and makes a rush, which is eluded by the matador with great activity; after a few passes of this sort, the matador waives the scarf for the last time, and receives the onset of the bull with his sword, which he sheathes in the carcass of his victim, and it falls stone dead at his feet. Loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs now animate the spectators, and four Gauchos, on horseback, gallop into the ring waving their lassoes in the air, which in a twinkling they attach to the horns and legs of the bull, and, fixing them to their saddles, hurry the carcass from the arena, enveloped in a dense cloud of dust.

Another bull soon makes his appearance and the amusement goes on as before. Sometimes a man is killed amidst the plaudits of the spectators, and very frequently horses are gored to death. Upon this occasion two horses were wounded; one galloped round the ring with his bowels streaming out. Sixteen bulls were killed in the course of this afternoon.

Sometimes, when a bull displays superior courage, the spectators beg his life, but it is merely a respite for him, as he is kept to be tortured and slain at a future exhibition.

One of the picadores, a short thick-set respectable looking man, upwards of sixty years of age, was pointed out to me as the murderer of several British soldiers during the time General Beresford had possession of Buenos Ayres.

It was his custom, when he found one alone, to invite him into a *pulperia*, or gin-shop, and, under the pretence of drinking with him, watch an opportunity to plunge a knife into his victim, who seldom made more than one struggle, to the great amusement of the barbarous spectators. I must confess that it was only from a secret wish

that I might witness the destruction of this miscreant in the ring, that I consented to remain, for, after seeing two or three bulls despatched, I was disgusted with an amusement which appeared to me to be very cruel and somewhat cowardly*.

The theatre, at Buenos Ayres, is a neat building, but I only visited it once, as I did not understand the language; it then appeared well-attended. Horse-racing and cock-fighting were, I was told, the most prevalent diversions amongst the natives, but of the former I had no opportunity of judging, and I felt no inclination to see the latter. Near the doors of the poorer classes there is always standing a game-cock, tied by the leg, which shows that cock-fighting must be a very

* This man was under sentence of death, in the time of Beresford, but escaped in consequence of the town having been retaken the day before his appointed execution. It may, however, be some satisfaction to the reader to know that two years afterwards he was gored to death by a bull.—The diversion of bull-fighting is now discontinued, in Buenos Ayres, by a decree of the government.

general diversion. The lower class, in Buenos Ayres, are filthy in the extreme, except when they put on their holiday clothes. The men dress in cloths and velveteens, and the women in baizes and cotton stuffs. Formerly, I was told, they ornamented their hair with gold and silver, but this precious metal was, at the time I speak of, very scantily sprinkled amongst them. Both sexes are particular, on holidays, in plaiting and festooning their hair, and the lower classes may then frequently be seen at their doors with the head of one neighbour on the lap of another, whose fingers are diligently employed in thinning the population from such thick-set preserves.

The wild deer of the Pampa affords good amusement for hunting, but this diversion is purely English, and was introduced by the merchants, who had a subscription club and were attired in scarlet coats. The dogs were imported from England. The sport afforded in the Pampas is excellent; the only impediments to be met with are the biscacho holes, which sometimes hurl both horse and rider to the ground, and, when deep, frequently break the legs of the horse. The bis-

cacho is a sort of marmot, about the size of a rabbit; these animals burrow close under the surface of the earth, and are to be met with all over the Pampas. With the exception of these blind traps, nothing can be finer, being well mounted, than the gallop over these plains afford. The deer frequently gives a run of twenty miles in a straight line. There is a story told that when this hunt was in its infancy, after the first two or three turns out, one morning a fine buck was singled from the herd which afforded an animated chase, when a Gaucho, at a distance, perceiving a number of dogs and horsemen in pursuit of a deer, darted across his path, caught it with his lasso, and instantly cut its throat. On the hunters coming up and reprimanding him for spoiling sport, he very innocently observed, he thought they wanted it "*para comer*" (to eat.) Several young men of the country now join in this diversion.

The trade of Buenos Ayres consists principally in exports of hides and tallow, and a number of people are employed in collecting these articles

in the Pampas. Charque, or jerked beef, also forms a considerable branch of commerce, and mules are frequently exported to the Cape of Good Hope and the West Indies. The importations from England are, chiefly, woollens, from Halifax, Huddersfield, Leeds, Wakefield, &c.; cottons, from Glasgow, Paisley, Manchester, &c.; and hardware from Sheffield and that town (Birmingham) which the elegant and sublime Burke so justly denominated the "toy-shop of Europe;" not forgetting goods from the potteries of Worcester and Staffordshire*, whose fragile ware,

* A very ludicrous occurrence had just taken place in Buenos Ayres, when I was there. As some intelligent manufacturers considered that every thing with the patriot arms upon it must sell, an ingenious porcelain dealer had shipped a number of certain utensils with that symbol imprinted at the bottom. This was discovered at the Custom House, and the administador, in great indignation, voted it an insult on the state, and ordered the china to be broken up for having the patriot arms and crest affixed in an improper place, which sentence was instantly carried into execution before the wondering eyes of the consignee, who stood gazing at this total loss of his crockery and commissions.

“unfit to stand the civil storms of state,” are quickly demolished, but as speedily replenished by those indefatigable artisans of clay. This latter trade has been very profitable. French, India, and China goods are also found in abundance.

A number of privateers were in the river, (with Buenos Ayres papers,) although most of them came from the United States. The Mammoth, True Blooded Yankee, and several others of lesser note, were lying at anchor with their respective prizes, captured from the Spaniards, most of them India or Manilla ships. One prize, the Triton, captured off Madeira, by Captain Monson, who sailed direct from Baltimore, in a privateer, with Buenos Ayres papers, was estimated at the value of one million of dollars. The whole of these prize-cargoes were sold by public auction, and the English as well as American agents reaped a lucrative harvest from this traffic.

The immediate vicinity of Buenos Ayres, is flat; it is part of the great Pampas, which extends, with little variety, from the sea to the

foot of the Andes; and south, as far as the confines of Patagonia. The south-west winds, called pamperos, blow across the waste with astonishing violence. These pamperos resemble the tornadoes in the West Indies, but are of longer duration; the mariners dread their fury, which seldom subsides without doing much mischief to the shipping in the river, and their force is sometimes felt far out at sea.

The principal inhabitants, as well as the English merchants, have their country-houses, or quintas in the neighbourhood, where occasionally parties meet to a fête-champetre. These quintas are built of earth and cane; their furniture is inferior to that of the town residences, but they are very refreshing to retire to during the hot summer months. Several of these country-boxes stand on the high banks of the river, and have a fine look-out for many miles around. Corn, maize, vegetables, and fruit are only raised in the immediate vicinity of the town. The great American aloes serve for hedges to the plantations, and although they are so large as to extend over a

surface of from twenty to twenty-five feet, yet the land being abundant, the encroachment is unheeded; this and the opuntia, or prickly pear, which often grows to the height of thirty feet, present an insurmountable barrier both to man and beast.

The Gauchos are the Christian inhabitants of the Pampas; they are a mixed breed between the White and the Indian. With the aboriginal Indians these people are always in deadly feud, and as constantly either upon a system of attack or defence with them. These wild Indians inhabit the Pampas beyond the Christian boundary. They are an independent and fearless set of men, but ferocious and cruel to their enemies, never giving quarter, as their system of war is that of extermination. The prodigious feats which they perform on horseback is the theme of praise and wonder even amongst the Gauchos. As I have, fortunately, never met with any of them in a body on the plains, and as this work is intended only to describe what I have actually seen, I beg to refer to the very intelligent account given of these

people by Captain Head, in his "Rough Notes on the Pampas," to the correctness of which I can attest, so far as that the same description has been given to me both by my own countrymen and by the natives, who have had opportunities of seeing these people. I saw a few of them who had come to Buenos Ayres from Patagonia to dispose of their ponchos and ostrich feathers, in barter, for blankets, knives, and tobacco. I was particularly struck by the appearance of one of their chieftains, who stood, upwards of six feet high, reclining against a post in the market-place, with his arms folded, and in such silent grandeur of repose that he brought to my mind the dignity of John Kemble in his great character of Coriolanus.

It is now high time to leave Buenos Ayres, at which place, owing to wind, weather, and other obstructions, my vessel had been detained ten days. At the period I speak of, 1817, few Englishmen had ever crossed those immense plains, the Pampas, and the difficulties and dangers incident upon a journey over the Cordilleras were

considered almost insurmountable. I applied, however to an Englishman, Mr. Edward Lawson, who had actually crossed them twice, and although he assured me that it was far from a tour of pleasure, yet he preferred it to going round Cape Horn. Indeed I felt no desire to make that voyage in the vessel I had come out with: she was a sharp Baltimore-built clipper, of 180 tons burthen, had been formerly a slaver, but was captured off Sierra Leone by a British cruizer, whilst employed in that horrible and illegal traffic, and was afterwards sold in England as a prize. She had been so overloaded in London, for her present voyage, that the water was almost upon a level with the scuppers, and, in a breeze, the sea was always sweeping her decks, upon which I had found it necessary, during most of the passage, to parade barefoot. No convenience for the passengers, nor even safety for the vessel, had been considered, in the eagerness displayed to load her with goods which were expected to yield cent per cent. I was obliged, in consequence, to discharge part of the cargo, both for

the comfort of the people and for the security of the vessel, during such a perilous voyage as that of doubling Cape Horn.

These matters being settled, I despatched the ship to Valparaiso, having made up my mind for the land expedition. A South American gentleman, Don Manuel Balenzuela, a native and resident of Mendoza, was about to return home in his carriage, which mode of conveyance was recommended to me as far preferable to the fatigue of horseback; this, combined with my ignorance of the language, caused me to accept a seat in that gentleman's carriage, for which I was to pay at the same ratio as if I had hired horses. The day for departure being arrived, the coach started early, as there were several marshes, called *pan-tanas*, to cross, and it was to halt, at the first stage, seven leagues distant; but I remained until the afternoon, having determined to ride this first stage on horseback, and accordingly a guide was left to conduct me. After dinner, having established my head, for the first time, in the slit of the beautiful poncho, or South American

cloak, I shook hands with my English friends, and, mounting my horse, rode out of the city. It was almost dark, when I found myself commencing a journey of twelve hundred miles, without the prospect of a soul to speak to all the way; for, as I have before stated, at that period I hardly knew a syllable of Spanish, and the gentleman I was about to travel with was unacquainted with either French or English. This was a complete non-conductor to sociability, and upon trying, in vain, to make my wild-looking guide comprehend a question, I became fully aware of my forlorn situation, and discovered that my tongue was condemned to a long holiday. This certainly was not setting out under the most agreeable auspices, nor was it calculated to make one quite in love with the country; to be riding in a strange place, at night, on a half-wild shaggy horse, whose only pace was a hard gallop, going through a high grass which reached to his shoulder, and accompanied by a guide who kept shrieking and singing like a wood-demon. I occasionally felt inclined to abate

my pace, but my savage either would not, or could not understand. "*Adelante! adelante!*"* was his cry always, in full speed, and I followed, as fast as my horse would carry me, lest I should be left behind and lost. This pace continued, for nearly two hours, when I perceived a light, which fortunately proved to come from the post-house, and which I reached tired to death, vexed, harassed, and wet, (for the rain had come down heavily,) and thus terminated this twenty-one mile stage.

I dismounted at the door of a miserable hut, where my companions were already housed and in bed; a light was procured from a neighbouring shed, which served for a kitchen, and around the dying embers of the fire, a group of half-naked Gauchos lay huddled together, nestled for the night. From what I had heard in Buenos Ayres, I was prepared for rough bed and board, but a mere transition, from the capital to the first post, led one to expect, if not good accommodation, at least something tolerable,—there was no such

* Onward! onward!

thing. Any Indian wigwam is as good as was this apology for a house. On entering, my friend, Don Manuel, and his companion, (another gentleman, also going to Mendoza,) lay stretched on their mattresses on the floor. There was neither table nor chair in the hut, and its walls were of a dark mud colour, with holes in them large enough to admit a 48-pounder, the whole presenting such a woe-begone scene of wretchedness, as by no means tended to lessen my weariness and vexation.

The people in South America, are so uncommonly attentive to their own repose, that, when they once get to bed, nothing short of an earthquake will arouse them; therefore to expect any supper, at that time of night, was out of the question, and my guide, after sticking the miserable-looking tallow-candle against the wall of the hovel,—for candlestick there was none,—vanished, to take up his quarters for the night.

Neither of my companions offered to rise, and we were mute perforce; so I found myself compelled to seek repose, in self defence, therefore

opening my mattress, which had been brought into the hut, I cast it upon a bull's hide, on the floor, and, cold, hungry, and dejected, threw myself upon it. After apostrophising my unlucky stars, and making sundry wise vows, I soon forgot my misery in a profound sleep.

CHAPTER III.

Travelling in the Pampas. Our Cortège. The Village of Luxan. Disagreeables of the Journey. Velocity of Travelling. Wild Animals. Arrival at San Luis.

THE shrill voice of a Gaucho awakened me; he came evidently to announce to us its being time to depart, as day had broke,—which fact was corroborated by light stealing in through the numerous holes in the wall. We immediately arose, to allow our baggage to be packed up and arranged for the journey. The first thing which a Pampa traveller calls for, on awakening, is *maté*, or Paraguay tea, which being placed in a small gourd, boiling water is poured upon it, with sometimes the addition of sugar; this preparation is sucked out of the gourd through a small cane or silver tube. The *maté* will admit of two or

three replenishes of water, and is passed from one to the other, with the most obliging politeness, the same tube serving for the whole company. This being discussed, a cigar makes its appearance, as a never-failing auxiliary to every Spanish refreshment. Not to be out of fashion, I took maté this morning, and found it very palatable; it has an agreeable bitter to the taste, and is by many preferred to tea. For the sake of the adage I also accepted and smoked a paper cigar for the first time. I had now an opportunity of reconnoitering the machine which was to convey us nine hundred miles into the interior. It was a carriage in true keeping with its conductors, being rough, rude, and ready; it had no springs, and was slung upon traces of hide. It was, in appearance, one of those Noah's-ark-built vehicles, capable of containing pa' and ma' and six children; but this was as it should be, and contributed much to our comfort, there being but three inside places "booked." The wheels were of an immense circumference, to make it run lighter, and wade through the numerous pantanas, or

marshes, with more ease. These wheels were bound round and round with thongs of bull's hide, which contributed much to their security and strength; indeed without such a precaution it would have been impossible for the carriage to have withstood the numerous shocks experienced in the most rugged parts of the road. Every thing was now in full preparation for a move. Our corps consisted of Don Manuel, his friend Don Alphonso, and myself, in the carriage; Don Melchor, my friend's steward, who travelled on horseback, and held the privy purse; a principal *peon*, or guide, who acted as head postilion; and three rough-looking Gaucho lads, with Madras handkerchiefs tied on their heads, which were roofed with straw hats, about the shape and size of a sugar loaf. These lads were clad in woollen ponchos, their leggings, or boots, were made from the skin of the horse, which they had dexterously transferred from the legs of that animal to their own, and wore them the hairy side inwards, suffering the naked toes to protrude; for the two big ones are very important members in the Pampas,

being all that is thrust into the small triangular wooden stirrup of the Gaucho. Besides these followers, we hired two postilions at every stage, who returned with the horses. I also hired a horse for my baggage, consisting of two *petacas*, or hide trunks, and my mattress enveloped in a broad leather case, called an *almafres*. Don Manuel had likewise a horse for his luggage, that the coach might not be encumbered, and I was particularly struck with the dexterity the peons evinced, in adjusting the loads to equal weight, which they did with as much precision and celerity as a tobacconist would display in balancing a pound of snuff. These loads rarely shifted during a stage, although the horses went loose and at full gallop, keeping close to their colleagues in the carriage. Upon the top of my luggage, I mounted my old friend and travelling companion, the "sample box," which indeed was a very important appendage to this expedition, as it served as a sort of avant courier, to indicate with exactitude the true nature and complexion of the heavy detachment of flannels and calicoes which were

then under full sail, booming round Cape Horn. Every thing being ready, the postmaster, according to custom, being paid before hand for his horses, the usual salutation observed of taking off hats, and the benevolent wish of *Vaya v con Dios*, the six postilions attached one end of their lassoes to the coach, and the other to the girth of their saddles, and setting up a loud whoop in concert, dashed off at full gallop.

There is nothing like quick travelling to give a fillip to the spirits, "seasoning your blood as cayenne does a curry," and certainly when I found myself whisked through the Pampas at the rate of twelve miles an hour, I began to think that things were not quite so bad. Don Manuel and his companion, Don Alphonso Somnus*, were

* I have forgotten this gentleman's surname, having never seen him *before or since* this journey, and have taken the liberty to name him Somnus, from his constant devotion to the shrine of that deity; it may be truly said of him, as well as of many other intelligent travellers who have crossed that country at various periods, that he literally "slept all over the Continent."

already in confabulation, but as I did not understand their discourse, I was left to my own musings.

The appearance the country presented was that of a dreary flat, not a habitation to be seen, nor a tree, nor a shrub; it was covered with high grass, and full of marshes; however, we got on with great velocity, until in due time we arrived at the next post, (six leagues distant,) which was merely a few miserable huts, with about a dozen men, women, and children, all as squalid and filthy as possible. The horses were in the *corral*, a circular inclosure, formed of stakes stuck in the ground. The postilions, on arriving at full gallop, disengaged themselves so suddenly from the carriage, that it continued to move for some moments without horses; they then unloosed their lassoes and went into the corral, each to select his own horse; the baggage was shifted, and the whole party fresh mounted. This operation only caused a delay of a few minutes, and every thing being adjusted as before, we were soon again on the road at full speed. At the hour of ten we

entered the pleasant village of Luxan, where we had settled we would breakfast.

Here I saw the little Gaucho lads flying kites, of the same form as the boys make in England; this was the first diversion I had seen exactly similar to one of Europe. We drew up before the house of the alcalde, who was seated in his *sala*, which was none of the cleanest; his wife or mistress was seated in the room, playing the guitar, accompanied in a duet by another lady. The alcalde received Don Manuel with marked distinction and respect, and immediately ordered breakfast, which was soon in progress. The table was laid with a clean damask cloth, furnished by Don Manuel, and in half an hour the dishes were smoking upon it: these consisted of a *chupe de Gallinas*, a *masamora*, eggs, coffee, chocolate, claret, and *Carlone* wines, and some excellent white bread. The alcalde, having breakfasted, sat near Don Manuel, and amused him with his discourse, at the same time puffing a paper cigar close under his nose, which did not seem to be any annoyance. As I was very hungry, after my

last night's fast, I paid due attention to this breakfast, especially to the *chupé*, which is an excellent dish, composed of fowls boiled in rice, and interspersed with potatoes, tomatoes, eggs, and onions.

The masamora is maize boiled in the bean, and is as white as snow; it is a palatable dish when seasoned with pepper, salt, and vinegar.

The second course was the "*carne asada*," or the roast beef, the standard dish of the Pampas; it is cooked in large steaks, stuck upon wooden spits, upright before the fire; this beef was tender and delicious, but not very fat.

Fresh horses were procured, but whilst the arrangements were making, we walked about the village for a quarter of an hour. It does not contain more than eight hundred inhabitants, but has a church and prison, which of course are the largest buildings. The alcalde's house is next in size; he kept a small shop for colonial produce, linen drapery, and rat traps, in short, a sort of *omnibus*.

Having re-entered the carriage, we bade adieu

to our host, and proceeded out of the village at full gallop, and thus passed the ports of *Ala de Lopes*, *Ala de Sorrate*, *Areci*, &c. which are mere miserable hovels, composed of reeds, plastered with mud, and a hide for the door; the people are squalid, filthy, and the picture of indolence; sometimes we had to wait till the horses were brought from pasture into the corral, when they came at full speed, like a charge of cavalry, making the plain echo again with their hoofs and their neighings. These horses have a most unpolished appearance, as they are never touched from the time they are foaled, except to be bridled and saddled. Their manes and tails are suffered to grow *ad libitum*, and as their hoofs are never pared, some of them are twisted into a variety of shapes; when the horses have been feeding amongst the thistles, their manes are covered with burrs, and they look like perfect non-descripts; however, they are full of spirit, and will do a surprising deal of work, notwithstanding their green food.

We slept the second night in a dark hut as

before. In the morning, we forded the river *Arecife*, and on the opposite bank, found a hamlet, where there was a pulperia, and a battery of two small culverins, upon a platform, to resist the Indians. Here, after dining upon *carne asada*, we proceeded and slept at the post of *Arroya del Medio*, twelve leagues in advance, thus performing twenty-five leagues that day. Indeed, our average distance, throughout the journey, was from twenty to twenty-four leagues. We always started as soon after day-break as possible, for the postmaster will not allow any horses to leave the corral after sunset, unless by express order from the Governor of Buenos Ayres. At the post where we slept, I was much annoyed by the fleas, and other insects, which I soon discovered form one of the most serious grievances an European has to contend with. The natives did not appear to suffer from the attacks of these insect *picadores*. However, I shall not distress the reader by enumerating the privations I endured during every stage of this journey, nor dwell in description upon all and every one I met with, as "seemeth to be much the custom" amongst modern travellers.

Neither do I think it material to state, daily, whether our hostess was "fair" or "foul," or whether her daughter was coy or kind, nor that we sometimes dined upon beef without bread, and at others, on bread without beef, and I cannot say that, after a day's fatigue, I always noticed whether my seat was the skeleton head of a horse or an ass. Nor will I horrify the sensitive by detailing the posts, where the rats amused themselves by nibbling my hair and toes, whilst I was lying upon a hide, in the vain endeavour to procure a siesta, and how many a time and oft, on awakening in the morning, I found myself "stung like a tench," by the numerous benchucas*, bugs, and piebald† fleas, which infest this region in every direction.

* The benchuca is a large beetle, about the size of a cockroach.

† A friend of mine, who was very curious in these matters, assured me that, through a microscope, he had discovered that the fleas in the Pampas were black and white, and streaked like a zebra. I cannot speak to this, as whenever I caught one, I despatched it, without giving it the benefit of a single examination.

One day's travelling in the Pampas very much resembles that of another, the only variety is, that in some places you can get nothing to eat, except such provender as you have kept in store, but occasionally they bake bread of wheat, or maize, and beef is in general to be found; but as this may not be relished alone, I should recommend a traveller to provide himself, in case of emergency, with hams, tongues, sausages, or things of that nature, which may be preserved through the journey, and a bag of sea biscuit will not be found inconvenient. These my friend, Don Manuel, who was an old *voyageur* across this wilderness, had amply provided, which, together with chocolate, coffee, pickles, and sweetmeats, and occasionally "roughing it out" with a bottle of champaign, secured us from any serious degree of suffering. However, as it is not always convenient for the traveller to hire a carriage in which such things can be easily stowed, a *peta-ca*, or hide trunk, would answer every purpose; but a horse-traveller, to be perfectly comfortable, ought to have a camp-bed and a canteen.

I have stated, that the inhabitants of the Pampas are called *Gauchos*; these people may be said to live on horseback; a more frank, free, and independent being, than the Gaucho, does not exist. He is clad in the *poncho*, which is manufactured by the women; it is about the size and shape of a small blanket, with a slit in the centre, to admit the head; it therefore serves to keep out the wet and wind, and leaves the arms at perfect liberty. The poncho is originally an Indian garment; it is generally made of wool, and beautifully interwoven with colours; it is sometimes worn slung across the shoulders, sometimes as a belt, and is always used for a blanket at night. The jacket is either composed of coarse cloth, or baize, or of velveteen; the breeches, which are open at the knees, are of the same materials; the breast of the jacket and the knees are usually ornamented with a profusion of small silver or filagree buttons. I have before mentioned, that a Gaucho's leggings are composed of horse's skin, and his toes are left bare. His spurs are either of silver or iron, with rowels of an enormous cir-

cumference, and with sharp spikes; a straw hat, with a cotton handkerchief tied round his face, completes his dress. His saddle is composed of a simple wooden tree, covered with leather, and called a *recado*; it is shaped like a military saddle, and is covered with *pellons* or rugs, and a dyed sheepskin; in fixing the saddle, no buckles are used, the girth being composed of thin slips of hide attached to an iron or wooden ring which is fastened by a thong to another small ring attached to the saddle; the stirrup is either of wood or silver; when of the former, it is only made large enough to fit the great toe, but the better sort sometimes use the latter, which is larger. His bit is like a Mameluke's, with an iron ring for the horse's chin, and is very hard and sharp. The covering of his saddle serves the Gaucho for a bed, and he is thus sure of a lodging wherever nightfall may find him. He always carries the lasso, a rope made of twisted hide, about thirty-five feet in length, and very slight and flexible; he forms one end into a slip noose, which he can throw over the head of any animal with unerring

aim. He gathers the lasso into coils before he discharges it, always retaining hold of one end, and thus secures his object. He also carries the *bolos*, which are three small wooden or iron balls, each attached to a separate thong, about six feet in length; these are tied together, and he can throw them to a much greater distance than his lasso. He whirls them three or four times round his head, and sends them to his mark with admirable precision; the balls form a triangle as they fly through the air, and alighting about the head or legs of the animal, instantly arrest its progress. In this manner the wild deer and ostrich (which are fleetier than horses,) are generally taken; sometimes the force of the balls breaks the legs of the victim. A long carving knife, about fourteen inches in length, placed in a leathern sheath, which is stuck in his girdle, or leggings, completes the Gaucho's equipment, and thus simply armed and mounted on his good steed he is lord of all he beholds. The lion and tiger, the wild bull and horse, the deer and ostrich, alike dread him; he owns no master, tills

no ground, hardly knows what a government means; in the whole course of his life, perhaps, has never visited a town, and has as much idea of a mountain or a sea, as his under-ground neighbour, the biscacha. Some of the younger Gauchos have told me that they were sometimes unhappy, "*por amor*," but when they get to years of discretion, you will never hear them utter a complaint against their destiny. In fact, they are a race with fewer wants and desires than any I have ever met with. Simple, not savage, are the lives of these "unsighing people" of the plains.

Nothing can impress the beholder with a nobler idea of independence than a Gaucho on horseback; his elevated head, his upright and graceful air, the rapid movements of his well-trained steed, all concur to give a true picture of the beau ideal of freedom. His hut is small and square, with a few posts for uprights, and wattled with osier twigs, plastered over with mud, and sometimes merely protected by hides. The roof is thatched with straw and reeds, open in the centre, to permit the smoke to escape; a

few blocks of wood, or the skull bones of horses, serve for seats; a small table, about eighteen inches high, to play cards upon; a crucifix, hung on the wall, and sometimes an image of St. Antonio, or some other patron saint, are the ornaments of this dwelling. Sheep-skins for the women and children to lie upon, and a small fire in the centre, are its only luxuries; the Gaucho, when at home, is either sleeping or gambling; there was scarcely a hut we passed, wherein a few men were assembled, but this pastime was to be witnessed; and, occasionally, a friar, in a dirty tunic, was to be seen as eager in the game as the rest. Should the weather be wet, the family and visitors, dogs, pigs, and poultry, are all assembled in the hut, in one promiscuous *mélange*; and as the smoke, from the damp fuel, generally fills half the hut, the forms appear, through the gloom of such an atmosphere, to resemble the shadowy ghosts in Ossian. A few fruit trees are occasionally planted near the hut. The Guacho women dress in chemises of coarse cotton, petticoats of baize, or blue cloth, their arms and neck

are left bare; when they ride out, they wear scarfs, or shawls, made of baize of a brilliant colour, and men's hats, either of straw or woollen. They sit sideways on horseback, and are as good equestrians as the men. The women are employed in cultivating the little Indian corn, which serves them for bread; they also raise water-melons and onions, and weave coarse baizes and ponchos. The use of tobacco is common to both sexes; they consume it in the shape of cigars, the tobacco being either enveloped in paper, or the leaf of Indian corn. Their cookery utensils are usually of clay, and their platters of wood. Occasionally I have seen, in one of these miserable hovels, a large silver dish, but so black with dirt, that it was necessary to scrape it with a knife, before its quality could be ascertained. During the time of the Spaniards, iron was more difficult to procure than silver, which may be accounted for by there being no iron mines worked in South America. Since the revolution, however, so many different parties of Montoneros and Indians have plundered the inhabitants of the

Pampas, that the before-named valuable utensils have almost entirely disappeared from amongst them. The Gauchos are very fond of *aguardiente*, which is a spirit distilled from the grape; but they are seldom betrayed into that state of inebriety, which is so common to the poorer classes in England.

The country called the Pampas, is quite flat and uninteresting, as far as regards scenery; you ride from post to post, without the least change of view; it looks (if the expression may be used, and a bull pardoned,) like a *sea of land*. It abounds with long grass and weeds, as far as Arroya del Medio, but here it becomes more fertile, with plenty of brush-wood and small trees, many of them fruit trees,—peaches, plums, almonds, &c. From the Arroya del Medio to the Esqueno de Balesteros, the posts are very miserable all the way. This is the debateable ground between the wild Pampa Indians and the Gauchos; therefore the posts of *Tigre*, *Cabeza del Cruz Alta*, *Salladillo*, *Fraile Meurto*, are all fortified, to resist the sanguinary attacks of the Indians.

The mode of fortification deserves remark on account of its singularity. Prickly pears, which grow to the height of twenty-five to thirty feet, are planted close together, in a circular form, and within this enclosure the inhabitants of the hamlet shelter themselves; sometimes, there is a ditch round these defences. As the Indians are only armed with bows and arrows, and long spears, they cannot make any impression. The Gauchos have usually muskets, and can fire securely from behind their vegetable forts, and it is impossible for either horse or man to break through them.

I have been told that the Indians sometimes ride quite near to the ditch, uttering loud war-yells of defiance, and prancing about as if in derision, playing a hundred fantastical tricks on their horses. The horses of the Indians are considered the best in the plains, the pastures to the south being richer; they likewise take more care of them than the Gauchos do: they never ride the mares, which are wholly kept for breeding and for food, of which they afford the best possible

supply to their wild masters, as they gallop along with the troop on all marauding expeditions; and the Indians can thus always surprize the Christians by the speed of their movements, and not suffer from famine.

Some of the forts were furnished, in the time of the Spaniards, with small cannon, but they are now so old and honeycombed, that I think the chance is, should they ever be discharged again, that the garrison would be the sufferers. After all, these defences are but poor ones, when the Indians are in any number, and as they prefer making a nocturnal surprize, they generally attain their object, and frequently, in one night, destroy a whole hamlet and its population. They kill all the men, old women, and children, and carry away such of the younger women as happen to have the luck to suit their fancy, together with the horses and cattle from the corrals, and leave their habitations in a blaze.

The Gauchos tell horrible stories of the atrocities committed by their savage neighbours,

which are well authenticated by the evidence of the black ruins of huts, through this line of country; however the two tribes are generally much upon an equality, as the Guachos invariably cut the throats of such of "los Indios malditos" as may chance to fall into their hands.

I saw two Indian children, at one of the huts, called *Candeleria*; they had been spared by a merciful Gaucho, when their parents and all their tribe had been massacred, in one of the Pampa skirmishes; he had adopted them as his own, and they were playing with his children at the door. The eldest was not above seven years old; they were both stark naked; their colour was tawney, and they were extremely ugly: their legs were short and bandy, and their long bodies seemed inflated like toads. Their heads were as round as cannon-balls, and as their coarse black hair hung over their yet blacker eyes, and they opened their wide mouths to laugh, I thought that I had never seen two such hideous little monsters.

From the *Canada de Lucas* to the *Tambo*, the country is flat and very marshy, but on approach-

ing the river Quarto, the first high land, called the Sierra de Cordova, is seen stretching off to the North, and, after passing the Barranquitos, near river Quarto, the country becomes hilly, especially about the *Achiras Portozuelo* and the *Moro*,—this last is the highest point on the whole journey, and after crossing a large plain, thirty leagues in extent, you arrive at the Punta de San Luis.

The most remarkable animals in the Pampas are, the lion, or cougar, which is much inferior in size and ferocity to the African lion, to which it bears little resemblance. The tiger, or jaguar, is a very formidable animal, hardly inferior in size to the Bengal tiger; it is spotted like a leopard, and is found near the banks of the river Plate. The deer are about the size of the common English deer. The hare is also to be met with, and the biscacha is seen in every direction. There are, of the feathered tribe, ostriches, wild swans, geese, ducks, snipes, partridges, quails, owls, doves, parrots, and numerous smaller birds.

But to return to my narrative:—In the course of a few days, Don Manual and myself had established a sort of bastard dialect, made up of Latin, French, and Spanish; this, with the aid of pantomime, enabled us to comprehend each other tolerably well: as we had our fowling-pieces, we frequently halted for a few hours and made some havoc amongst the palomas, or doves, partridges and parrots; at one stage we shot some wild geese, near one of the *lagunas salinas* *.

On the third day of our travels we slept at Demochados, a wretched hut indeed, and more than usually full of vermin. I had here an opportunity of distinguishing between the bite of a large scarlet musquito, and that of a benchuca, but am still at a loss to which to give the preference.

Nothing particular had hitherto occurred during the journey, but on leaving this post, the following morning, the horse which carried my inestimable sample-box, fell, and in the tumble dis-

* Salt lakes.

lodged my treasure from his back, with such force that the lid came off, and its contents were discharged upon the plain; and, as the wind was blowing half a *pampero*, they went "scattering in the gale;" the carriage halted, and the peons instantly disengaged themselves from the vehicle, and went in pursuit of the fugitives. My friends in the coach were much amused at this scene, and, although the accident was likely to prove a serious one, I could not help joining in their mirth, on beholding the natives, on horseback, in full chase after these "shreds and patches," which displayed themselves in the sun like gaudy butterflies. Whether the Gauchos thought that there was a virtue in each of the samples, unlike those which issued from the box of Pandora, I have not ascertained, but it was some time before my "escapados" were collected in by the aid of this light cavalry. Having re-imprisoned the deserters, I tied the box round with a thong, to make this the last as well as the first accident of the kind. In the course of the same morning we saw a Gaucho in pursuit of an ostrich, which, with its

long neck stretched horizontally, and its wings outspread like sails, scarcely appeared to touch the ground in the rapid race. Its pursuer, waving his *bolas* aloft, continued in full cry, for some moments, when, discharging his missiles, he brought the bird to the earth: he then cut off its long neck to make a purse of the skin, and stripped its wings and its tail of the feathers, leaving the body to perish where it fell.

The natives enjoy hunting their feathered game, with all the ardour I have seen displayed by veteran fox-hunters in England, when in full "tally-ho" after the four-footed "red rover."

The biscachas abound all over the plains: these little innocent animals generally make their appearance about an hour before the sun sets, and gambol about in his departing rays. During the day they are seldom seen but at the mouth of their caves; it is strange that two owls may be almost always observed standing, as if on guard. I have never learnt whether any affinity exists between the biscachas and these birds. The owls have an aspect of

great solemnity, and as they stand apart at each side of the cavern, they remind one of those two mute and melancholy looking gentlemen, so frequently seen stationed at the doors of houses in England, as the prologue to the "performance" of a funeral.

We pursued our route pleasantly enough, and observed various kinds of wild cattle and troops of horses, which abound in these trackless wastes. Occasionally the wild deer would gaze upon us, as we galloped past, and the small birds were so tame that they seldom rose through fear.

We were constantly meeting and overtaking troops of huge unweildy carts and waggons, employed in carrying on trade between Buenos Ayres and the interior towns; these carts may be heard, by their creaking wheels, nearly half a league off; they are drawn by oxen; sometimes eight or ten are attached to the waggons, in pairs, and are goaded along by spiked poles suspended from the inside of the vehicle. These carts and waggons have all a circular covering of hide; they take manufactured goods from Buenos Ayres, and re-

turn with the country produce of brandies, wines, salt, hides, tallow, &c.

The drivers and Gauchos whom we met, always moved their hats, with *baye v con Dios*,—indeed they are habitually civil and polite, much more so than is usually found amongst the lower classes of an educated society in Europe.

On the seventh day we slept at the post of *Achiras*, which is most romantically situated amongst the rocks; there is an orchard and vineyard attached to this stage. The ride from thence to Portozuelo is very agreeable, being partly through a plain of high grass. The family, at this place, have fixed their habitation in a spot somewhat retired from the direct road, and it resembles a hermitage in the wilderness. From Portozuelo to the Moro, the road becomes extremely hilly, and on leaving the latter place, which is a small hamlet, Don Manuel proposed that we should ride a long wearisome stage on horseback, as the pace of the carriage would be very slow.

We could not persuade Don Alphonso to ac-

company us, as such a motion was extremely favourable to his usual lethargy; accordingly, my friend and I set off at a gallop, but we had scarcely gone a league when I observed Don Manuel, on a sudden, performing a somerset in the air and his horse at a dead halt. The harlequinade of this movement caused me to laugh aloud, but I had no sooner enjoyed the joke, than I was compelled to play a similar game at leap-frog, with my own steed, which, in an instant, had stuck as fast as a rock in a biscacha hole and sent me over his head to a distance of three yards. As no bones were broken, we renewed the laugh, but proceeded the rest of the way with much more circumspection.

That night we slept at Rio Quinto, and the next morning, being the ninth day from our departure from Buenos Ayres, we arrived at the town called the punta of San Luis.

CHAPTER IV.

The Punta de San Luis, &c. Population. The Travesia, or Desert. River Desaguadero. South American Fight. Arrival at Mendoza. Hospitality of the Inhabitants, &c.

THE *punta de San Luis* contains about five thousand inhabitants, and is the only place of the slightest importance in the whole journey between Buenos Ayres and Mendoza. The entrance to it is by no means prepossessing, being through long lanes with dead mud walls on both sides. The houses stand back, and it is not until you arrive at the square that there is any appearance of a population, and even then few people are to be seen. As usual, the principal church and the governor's house are in the square. The people are an ill-clad, dirty-looking set, and the whole place has the air of being poverty-stricken. We went to the governor who was in a poncho, smoking his cigar, and on shewing our passports we got his

“*rubrica.*”* The trade of the place consists principally in cattle and hides, and there are a few shops with European articles of dress, hardware, crockery, &c. San Luis abounds in fruit, peaches, grapes, melons, and figs; the principal food is beef and Indian corn. The inhabitants are not in advance of the Gauchos of the Pampas, in regard to dress and civilization, but I thought them better looking than those I had seen on the plains. I never beheld a whole community where the younger classes possessed such brilliant and well arranged teeth. Some of the young women are very handsome, their complexion is a ruddy olive, with a glow of health on their cheek, set off by a pair of jet black eyes. I found my heart in rather a tender taking when I first looked at the postmaster’s daughter. I never saw a countenance more symmetrically beautiful, her large languishing eyes appeared to emit streams of light, and the playful dimple on her chin rendered her gaze quite captivating; but alas! “*surgit amari aliquid,*” her figure was by no means akin to her face,

* Signature.

being fat, squat, and awkward; and that virtue, described as next to godliness, had not marked her for its own. She was just sixteen years of age and was going to be married to a long gawky Gaucho. An hour after my arrival, I saw her seated with her intended at her father's door; they were each smoking a paper cigar, and conversing with as much gravity as though they were already man and wife. The girls usually marry at the age of fourteen or fifteen, but before they are thirty, they have the appearance of old women, all withered, dry, and shrivelled. This in a great measure proceeds from the want of cleanliness, the dryness of the climate, and from their constantly poring over the smoke of wood fires, as they are all cooks alike, although it must be confessed that their dishes are of Beelzebub's own school.

We remained, during that day, at San Luis, having the *travesia*, or desert, of twenty leagues, to cross on the following day, and it was necessary to start early to accomplish it *in one* day. In the evening, several of the inhabitants paid us a visit, and amongst them the postmaster's family.

The young ladies sang and played on the guitar, and several couple danced the "Indian dance of the country," the movements of which are the reverse of prudish. There was also a castanet dance, which pleased me. At the hour of eleven they retired, and left us to our meditations amongst the fleas, which, were I to judge from the avidity of their appetites that night, had been fasting for some time. In fact, I was so annoyed, that I could not sleep, so I arose and took a walk in the streets, which were quite desolate, and the only sound to be heard was the long howl of the dogs, serenading the moon.

At daybreak, our cavalcade was ready for a move. We were to cross a sandy desert of sixty miles, where no water could be procured; consequently, we provided ourselves with that beverage before we started, by filling our horns and bottles with it. About forty horses had been procured: more than half were driven loose before us, and they served as relays during the journey. The day was extremely warm, and the fierce rays of the sun, combined with the dust, rendered this

stage the most insupportable we had yet experienced. Part of this *travesia* is through a deep sand; there are a number of small stunted trees scattered over it, which must be indebted to the deluges of summer for their existence, as it rarely rains in showers in this desolate plain. On account of the depth of the sand in some places, we were compelled to move slower than our ordinary pace, and the horses, as well as ourselves, were almost knocked up before we got half through our journey. In the middle of the day, the heat of the sun was so intense, that we felt it impossible to proceed for two hours, and sheltered ourselves, as well as we could, under the branches of some almost lifeless trees, until the heat had somewhat abated.

Those who have never felt the misery of a parching thirst, when there is nothing at hand to slake it, can have a very imperfect idea of such a situation. The water had been all consumed, without affording us refreshment, for the heat of the day had rendered it luke warm, before we had proceeded three leagues. About four o'clock in the afternoon, we went on again; as the evening

coolness returned, we revived, and about nine o'clock, reached the post of the *Desaguadero*, which is close to a river of that name. Here we halted for the night, but it was a dreary place; the wind was very high, and blew the dust and sand into our hut, which had neither a door nor a single article of furniture, and the mud floor was covered with beef bones, the decayed rind of water melons, and other filth. We procured a bullock's hide, and suspended it over the door way, and thus, in some measure, kept out the sand. That night I suffered extremely, for the water of the *Desaguadero* was brackish, and so muddy, that we were compelled to strain it through a muslin handkerchief, to render it at all drinkable, and even then the strong saline taste it left on the palate, rather increased than quenched my parching thirst. I was in a high fever during the whole night, and was thankful when I saw the first streaks of day on the horizon. Our retinue seemed more than usually upon the alert for our speedy departure from this purgatory, and we were soon again on the road, and reached, ere

long, the banks of the river Desaguadero, which we passed on rafts; the carriage was drawn through the ford by the assistance of extra horses. The banks of this river are high, and of black mud; however, we crossed without accident, and landed on the opposite bank, which is in the province of Mendoza. The roads now became better, the horses finer, and the country more woody and flat; we travelled with great quickness, making twenty-five leagues this day, and slept at the *Domidas*. The next morning, before we started, I had an opportunity of seeing a South American fight; two of the Gauchos, belonging to our coach, had been disputing for some time, till high words began blows; in an instant, both their knives were drawn, and after a few manœuvres, one of them passed his weapon into the neck of his adversary, within an ace of the jugular vein, and he fell *hors de combat*. This accident was annoying on more accounts than one, for we could not procure another postilion. However, as the wound was not mortal, Don Manuel became responsible for the delinquent, and, after some time, we were

again ready to proceed. We left our wounded jockey lying on a stretcher, moaning most dismally; I observed his adversary coolly strike a light, and smoke a cigar; he did not seem at all disturbed by the event, which he treated as a matter of course, and mounting his horse, rode along, as if nothing particular had occurred. Stabbing seemed the order of the day, for, during the next stage, my unfortunate baggage horse having halted, and refusing to proceed, Don Melchor, the steward, in a rage, drew his knife, and killed the poor animal on the spot*. This detained us again, for we had to put the baggage and its packsaddle into the coach, to carry them to the next post. We then got on without further accident, and reached the *Retama*. For the last two days, the Cordillera mountains were in full

* I had to pay eight dollars, in Mendoza, for the loss of this horse, although, in strict justice, I could have objected; but as Don Melchor, in other respects, had been very attentive to me, and was a jocose fellow, I paid the sum, "for," said he, "I killed the horse in your service, senor."

view. The Retama is a delightful spot, and very fertile, abounding in all sorts of fruits and vegetables, the country well irrigated with *azequias*, and planted around with tall poplar trees, which had a most agreeable effect, after the tame and uninteresting scenery we had passed. We took some refreshment, and the siesta, and in the evening, about the vesper hour, drew up before the mansion of Don Manuel, situated in the centre of Mendoza.

Were I to live to the age of a pelican, I could never forget sweet Mendoza; whether it be the air, the inhabitants, or the country around, or all of these combined, I know not, but there is an indelible charm attached to that spot, which I shall retain "whilst memory holds its seat." When I think of it, I am reminded

—"Of youth's cheerful sports, of spring's glad hours.
"Memory holds back my hand; around my heart
"She steals her light soft spells."

I have since revisited this rural city twice, and never left it without reluctance and re-

gret. It stands embosomed among vineyards, at the foot of the grand chain of the *Cordillera de los Andes*. These gigantic range of mountains stretch north and south, far as the eye can reach, with their summits clad in a perpetual robe of vestal purity, sparkling all day in the bright radiance of an unclouded sky of the deepest azure; and in the starry night, presenting a dazzling whiteness, through the blue obscure, lit up, at seasons, by "the inconstant moon." A thousand mountain rills fertilize the plains beneath, and the water, rushing through the *azequias* in the streets and gardens of the city, with clearness and rapidity,

"flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground."

The residence of Don Manuel was one of the best in the city, with spacious courts, salas, and all the requisites of a handsome establishment. It was furnished with good taste, in the French and English style, and I may remark, that

this gentleman, who had never been in Europe, was the only Creole I ever saw, who had all his establishment in true keeping, and regulated his household affairs on European fashion.

Scarcely had the news spread of Don Manuel's arrival, than the sala was thronged with his friends, who came to congratulate him on his safe return.

The tertulia was very numerous of both sexes, and the music and dancing commenced almost immediately, and the evening was spent in the greatest hilarity. Ices, creams, confectionary, sweetmeats, wines, and cordials, were handed round, and I was delighted to see the unaffected and friendly manner of the Mendozinas amongst themselves. A band was sent for, and played the welcome home until a late hour, when relations, friends, and guests, retired to their several abodes. Don Manuel had invited me to remain at his house during my sojourn at Mendoza, and as I was a perfect stranger to the place, I accepted the offer with pleasure.

I was now ushered into a handsome apart-

ment, containing a costly gilt bedstead, with a mosquito curtain; the sheets and pillow-cases were trimmed with broad Brussels' lace, according to Spanish custom, and the linen was of fine holland. What a difference to the accommodation I had met with in the dreary Pampas, sleeping upon a hard pallet, in smoky hovels, with cobwebs for curtains, and benchucas for bed-fellows. I was now lodged like a prince, and, drawing the mosquito curtains around me, soon fell into a most luxurious and undisturbed sleep, from which I was awakened, the next morning, by a pretty Mulatto girl, who entered the apartment, to acquaint me that breakfast was ready.

Having performed my toilet, I was shown into the breakfast-room, where I found assembled Don Manuel, his lady, and daughter, and a young man, his nephew. The lady was a very handsome brunette, apparently not much more than twenty, certainly many years younger than her husband. The daughter was an only child, about seven years of age, and was the idol of both parents.

The breakfast service was of fine French porce-

lain, of a late fashion, and the refreshments consisted of coffee, tea, and chocolate, with the more substantial dishes of fowls and rice, beef-steaks, and eggs, also fruit and wine. I was charmed with the affability of this family; their unaffected hospitality made me feel myself quite at home. After breakfast, Don Manuel made an engagement to ride out with me in the evening, and I then returned to my apartment, as the sun was very powerful out of doors.

I was seated writing, with my back to the door, when I heard an English voice exclaim, "How do you feel after your journey?" The sound of my native tongue startled me almost as much as the foot-print did Robinson Crusoe, and turning round, I perceived my friend, Mr. John Robinson, who had left Buenos Ayres a few days before me, for Chile, and whom I concluded was then "over the hills and far away." The unexpected pleasure of meeting this gentleman, under present circumstances, may be well imagined. He told me that he had purposely delayed his journey, knowing that I was coming, in order

that we might have the satisfaction of travelling over the dreary mountains in company. He said that he was residing with an Englishman, the only one in the place. He was a Yorkshireman, of the name of Appleby, was married to a Mendozina, and had been many years in South America. Messrs. Robinson and Appleby joined our party at dinner, which was sumptuous, served up in handsome style, and composed of more dishes than I can remember; the Spanish olio, however, made an impression upon me, as it was the best I had seen, and I thought it excellent. After coffee, our horses were brought into the court-yard, or *patio*, and we rode to view the outskirts of the town. I was struck with the beauty and spirit of the Mendozino horses. Mr. Appleby was an excellent horseman, and was, by the natives, called the "Gaucho Ingles," in honour of his equestrian accomplishments. They look upon every foreigner, who does not sit and ride a horse well, with the utmost contempt, and say he must have been a "*hombre baxo*," or one of the *canaille* in his own country. We called upon a brother

of Don Manuel's, who resided close to the city; he was an *hacendádo*, or farmer, and his estate was very extensive. He joined us in our ride, and as he was also a good jockey, and kept fine horses, Mr. Appleby and he rode a race "*A la Gaucho*," which deserves remark. The races are a very short distance, not above two hundred and fifty yards; the horses stand close together, and on the word "*Cha*" being uttered, they spring forward, and are instantly at full speed. It is curious to see the horses gathering their feet together, preparing for the signal to start, and never moving till it is given. It requires some practice to keep a firm seat. The races are generally run in a straight line, but sometimes the agreement is to turn at a certain distance and come back to the starting point; a horse that can wheel round quickly, has then a great advantage.

As we returned home, I observed that the scenery of Mendoza is principally vineyards and orchards, and the site of the town is very considerable, as a vineyard, orchard, and garden, are actually attached to almost every house in the

town. In the evening, the tertulia was repeated at Don Manuel's. The next day we were invited to a grand ball, given by his brother; and here, for the first time, I beheld all the most respectable inhabitants in full dress, which is not the case when merely at a tertulia. The ball was conducted with much etiquette. The ladies, most of them very pretty, were seated round the room in rows. The gentlemen standing in the centre, or else conversing with them. The dancing commenced with minuets, then followed waltzes, the Spanish dance, and some of the country dances, but the positions were rather more delicate and refined than those exhibited to us by our friends in San Luis. After dancing for several hours, supper was announced, and the ladies led the way into an adjoining room, where an elegant banquet was prepared; viands, confectionery, and fine fruit in abundance. The ladies being seated, several of the *carvers*, or stewards, were allowed the same privilege, and the rest of the gentlemen remained standing at the backs of the ladies' chairs. Occasionally one might be seen whispering soft non-

sense into his enamorata's ear, whilst another, perhaps less sentimental, was receiving food more solid than ambrosia, from the point of his dulcinea's fork. The South Americans are very fond of "toasting," which they call "*brinde*," and some have a great facility of giving these toasts in verse, *à la improvisatore*. After very many patriotic toasts, such as "La Patria," "Liberty," "Equality," and "the Rights of Man," &c. dancing recommenced, and continued until the company could keep it up no longer, when the entertainment concluded, and home we went.

In this manner I spent a week amidst a continual round of diversions, provided for me by the amiable inhabitants of this delightful city, dancing, riding, shooting, and walking; sometimes promenading in the Alameda, with lovely women, at others seated in a temple of Grecian architecture, at the end of the walk, enjoying ices and the delightful evening breezes as they stole down the lofty sides of the snowy Cordilleras. However, I began to think that, should I remain here much longer, Mendoza would prove my Capua;

and I also felt desirous to depart, as several weeks had elapsed since the sailing of my vessel for Valparaiso, and I was anxious to anticipate her arrival in Chile. The winter snow, however, still lay deep in the track we were to pass, and as it would be necessary, at one point of the journey, to travel on foot for many a weary league, Robinson and myself engaged a muleteer, at the price of one hundred and twenty dollars, to convey us and our luggage across the mountains to Santiago de Chile, but he required three days to prepare all the requisites for the journey.

The population of Mendoza and its immediate neighbourhood is calculated at twenty thousand. Their trade is chiefly in wine and dried fruits, which they export to Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, Salta, and the Banda Oriental. They import all sorts of European manufactured goods, from Buenos Ayres, which is their direct channel of supply; but, in times of civil war, when this road has been infested with marauders, they have received their supplies from Chile.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Mendoza. Journey across the Cordillera in the Winter Season. Anecdotes. Overtaken by a Snow Storm, and forced to seek Shelter in a Casucha.

THE *arriero*, or muleteer, having, according to appointment, prepared the cattle and forage for the journey, on the tenth evening from my arrival, Robinson and myself bade farewell to our kind-hearted friends, and to the hospitality and pleasures of Mendoza. We proceeded, after sun-set, a league out of the town, to be prepared for an early start on the following morning, as we had a sandy plain to cross which it was necessary to accomplish before the heat of noon.

Our cavalcade consisted of Robinson and myself, the chief muleteer, three others, (his assistants,) and twenty-five mules, including relays; the mules were loaded with a large

stock of provisions, with forage, and copper utensils for boiling water. Our stock of provisions, for the Cordilleras, consisted chiefly of jerked beef, called *charque*; we had also hams, tongues, and, for the first two or three days, fowls and fresh beef, with a load of onions, which are indispensable in the mountains as they render the traveller long-winded. Don Manuel had made us a present of two small kegs of Mendoza wine, white and red, which were of excellent flavour and body; it is considered very dangerous to take spirits in the Cordillera. I have been thus minute for the benefit of such as may in future have to cross these mountains in the winter season; and I would always recommend the taking a seemingly superfluous quantity of provisions, in case of accidents which may sometimes detain the traveller much longer than might be anticipated. We slept at the house of the *arriero*, and as soon as day dawned each man hied him to his charge. The loads having been properly balanced upon the sheep-skin pack-saddles, and the whole party mounted, we set off across the plain in single file.

This was my first day's journey on a mule, and as the animal was a high trotter, my ride was any thing but agreeable; however, in the course of an hour, as the sand became deeper, the pace fell into a walk which continued the rest of the day. This ride is very sultry, and the sand being strongly impregnated with saltpetre, the dust causes a parching thirst which water does not allay; about two we had passed the plain, and stopped an hour to refresh. We then entered into the lower defiles of the mountains which are almost destitute of vegetation; a few stunted shrubs and the opuntia are thinly scattered over the sides. About sunset, we arrived at Villavicencio, which is the first stage from Mendoza, and distant about fifteen leagues.

Villavicencio is situated in a deep defile, shut in on every side by high mountains, which in themselves appear to be the great chain. The accommodations, if such they may be called, are wretched beyond description; a few hovels, built of loose stones, scarcely three feet high, and roofed with dried weeds, form all the shelter.

Only two or three families live here, but in the summer season people come from Mendoza to some medicinal baths which are close in the neighbourhood ; I was, however, too late to visit them. We kindled a large fire, and I preferred, this night, bivouacking in the open air, to creeping into a house the size of a beaver's lodge ; indeed I found this more agreeable, during the rest of the journey, than sleeping either in the filthy *casuchas*, or under such covers.

At daybreak we recommenced our march, which was up a steep, rocky ascent, with a mountain-stream in the centre, through which our mules waded, and, after a tiresome ride of an hour, we reached the summit of the Paramillo.

Here the magnificent Andes again burst forth upon our view, apparently at a greater distance than ever ; and although the mountain, upon which we stood, was one of considerable elevation, it appeared a mole-hill in comparison to the mighty chain before us. We now plainly perceived what sort of difficulties we had to encounter.

On the Paramillo we saw numerous troops of *guanacos*, which the winter always drives to the valleys and lower hills; groups of them, after staring at us for a moment, betook themselves to flight with the speed of the wind. The *condors* were sailing aloft with unruffled pinion; the flight of these birds is frequently so high that they are almost lost to sight. After passing the Paramillo, we descended into the plain of Uspallata, the last habitable vale on the eastern side of the mountains.

This plain contains pasture for horses, sheep, and cattle; about four hundred of the latter are kept here, but the population barely exceeds half a dozen families. Some celebrated silver mines are in the neighbourhood, and, on the road, we had passed several *bocas de minas**. I dismounted and penetrated some distance into one of the mines which had been worked, and was surprised at the possibility of a human being finding room to labour in so confined a space. These mines

* Entrances to the mines.

are like labyrinths, for the Indian, with his rude implements, follows the sinuosities of the silver veins with an intuitive intelligence which proves that he understands these matters much better than his more theoretical and learned white brethren of Europe.

Uspallata has three or four houses and a church, but is most ruinous in appearance. Here a guard is kept, by the government of Mendoza, to prevent a contraband trade being carried on across the mountains, as well as to arrest deserters or suspicious characters without passports, either coming or going to Chile. This guard consists of a corporal and four soldiers, clad in ponchos, and their naked feet protected with sandals. We lighted a fire in an empty corral, as I preferred sleeping there to entering the house. On the following morning, we were again on the move, and bade adieu to the last human habitation in the Cordillera. Proceeding over the plain, we arrived at what appeared to have been the bed of some mighty river, two leagues in breadth, but the channel of which was dry; the scenery around

was of the most frightful and chaotic nature, not a vestige of vegetation to be seen ; the rocks and hills around were brown and bare, and heaped together in such a confusion of shapes, that they looked like the ruins of a past world.

We now crossed a torrent, and as our road lay along the side of a steep and almost perpendicular mountain, with a rapid river, of a reddish colour, brawling through the valley on the left, and a corresponding high mountain running parallel on the opposite side ; part of the road along this mountain was cut in the time of the Spaniards. There was a rock, of many tons weight, which I observed at the edge of the path, with a small wooden cross upon it, and a name rudely carved on the side of the rock, now half obliterated. On inquiring the cause, I was told that the body of a man, who was one day working at the road, lay underneath this stone ; it had become loosened from the cliff by an earthquake, fell exactly where it then stood, crushing the unfortunate victim beneath it, who may be said, at the self-same moment to have found his "grave and monument."

This road, on the mountain side, extends for twenty leagues, as far as the *Punta de las Vacas*. The pace of the mules was a walk, and the guide appeared to be very fearful of tiring them; we consequently made but slow progress, and halted, long before sunset, beside a silver streamlet, which poured from the mountains, and joined the red river Vacas. This spot was about ten leagues from Uspallata, and was chosen, on account of there being good pasture for the mules close at hand. Accordingly we bivouacked, and lighting our fire, commenced our culinary preparations.

The muleteers made a dish called *baldiviano*, consisting of *charque*, or jerked beef, pounded between two stones, and placed in a wooden bowl, with slices of raw onions, and boiling water poured over it; a little maize, or Indian corn ground, and stirred up in a horn with cold water, matté, and tobacco, complete the muleteers' food and luxuries. Charque, when well cured, is very good and palatable. After our meal, we prepared to take our night's rest, and the mules were driven up a narrow ravine, where Manzillo (our

head muleteer) said there was good pasturage. One of the men was left at the entrance to guard the pass, and we composed ourselves to sleep.

On awakening early, I found every one in the greatest state of consternation. It appeared the mules had made their escape during the night, and were no where to be seen; this accident was caused by the muleteers having made free with one of our kegs of wine, and he, who had been placed on guard, having taken his share, had fallen into a stupor, so that the mules had evidently passed him, while he was in that state, and had taken French leave of absence during the night. The muleteer said that the animals would return to Uspallata, where the pasturage was good; consequently, the whole party proceeded thither, in search of them, on foot, and my friend Robinson and myself were left alone in the mountains with the baggage and provisions. We had hopes that the mules had not strayed far, and that they would be brought back before night; but the night came and passed, and the next day also, without any signs of either men or mules. To amuse our-

selves, and beguile the hours, it was our plan, alternately, to take the gun, and go in quest of guanacos, of which there were great numbers on the narrow shelves of the mountain, whilst the other remained by the baggage and provisions, to protect the latter against the voracity of the condors, which were constantly sailing above, as if waiting an opportunity to pounce upon our stock.

On the second day, it was my turn to be guard, my companion having gone on the hunt; he was to have returned by two o'clock to dinner, but that hour passed, and the next, and the next, and with still no appearance of Robinson, and I began to feel anxious for his fate. Strange thoughts rushed upon my mind; and it occurred to me that my friend had perished, either by falling off some cliff, or had been carried away by a mountain torrent, and that, as the sky was gloomy, and indicated a storm, that my guides would return no more, (especially as they had received half the money previous to leaving Mendoza,) and that it would therefore be my fate to encounter alone a

lingering death in these horrible solitudes. The low moaning of the wind, the darkness of the sky, the shrieks of the condor, and the rushing of the mountain river, all concurred to give additional gloom to the scene, and struck me as the dismal forebodings of the coming storm which was to overwhelm me. Uspallata was ten leagues distant, and it would have been impossible for me to have found my way thither, as I had neither pocket-compass nor chart. My philosophy could bear it no longer, and I arose and walked about in a state of feeling far from enviable, until at length my eyes were gladdened, by perceiving the form of my friend Robinson, approaching at a distance among the rocks. He was equally overjoyed at having again made our bivouac, as he had lost himself for some time, whilst in pursuit of a guanaco *. That night, too, our muleteers came back with the cattle; one mule only having been

* The guanaco is something like the llama, or South American camel, but it is a fiercer animal, and is too intractable to be made a beast of burden.

lost. They had been obliged to return as far as Uspallata, before they discovered the wanderers.

We recommenced our journey at daylight, and proceeded with more speed than before, to make up for lost time. The road, as far as the Punta de las Vacas, a distance of twenty leagues, runs along the breast of a mountain; a deep and broad valley lies below, and in many places the frightful height of the precipices, when beheld from some of the abrupt turnings in the road, or from the narrow *laderas*, or shelves, almost causes the head to swim. Indeed, some people have not the courage to look down, and I know natives of the country who have been carried along some of the narrow *laderas* by the muleteers, secured by lassoes. Sometimes the mule and his rider appear actually hung in the air, when seen at a distance upon one of these narrow ledges of the rocks. The natural inclination of the traveller is to keep as close to the side of the mountain as possible, but his obstinate bearer is not of the same opinion, and always walks so pertinaciously at the extreme verge of the cliff, that one of the rider's legs is

actually dangling over the abyss beneath. This caution of the mule proceeds from habit, from his being sometimes loaded with cargoes which project from his pack-saddle, and which he then dreads striking against the points of the rock, and throwing him off his equilibrium. A mule is the best guide for a man in the mountains, and I should always recommend the traveller, in case of danger, to abandon his own opinion for the instinct of this intelligent brute. In some cases, by disregarding it, both rider and mule have been precipitated to the vale below, and have perished. We saw numerous bones of animals lying on the river banks; the poor beasts had probably fallen with their cargoes, which it had been impossible to recover; many are carried down the stream, and it is said that two serons of doubloons were once lost in this river. Immense masses of rock are also to be seen along the river banks; these have fallen from the mountain's side during earthquakes. It is very picturesque to see the long line of march, extending in single file along the mountain side, and winding up and down, according as the road may incline.

Nothing can have a greater tendency to elevate the soul to the contemplation of the power of the Deity than the prospect presented to the traveller in the midst of the lonely Andes. The still grandeur and magnitude of the scenery, far beyond the regions of vegetation,—the sublime solitude of the situation, so high above the petty bustle of the plains beneath, and where the human figure, in comparison to the objects around, is but an atom,—all these lead the mind to venerate the Almighty power that formed such wondrous works, and impress man with a sense of his own insignificance.

“ Not vainly did the early Persian make
“ His altar the high places and the peak
“ Of earth o’er gazing mountains, and thus take
“ A fit and unwall’d temple, there to seek
“ The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
“ Uprear’d of human hands. Come, and compare
“ Columns or idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
“ With Nature’s realms of worship, earth, and air,
“ Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray’r !”

I could here well conceive the feeling of the noble bard, when he wrote the above beautiful lines.

We had proceeded on our aerial journey for many leagues, without the least accident, in passing the laderas, until we arrived at the Punta de las Vacas, and having forded a river of that name, we debouched from the valley, and got into an open country, where the snow reached close to the mountain's base. At the Vacas, the first casucha is built; these casuchas are a chain of huts, *nine* in number, *five* on the eastern and *four* on the western side. They were built at the expense of the Spanish government, and have contributed to the salvation of hundreds of muleteers and travellers, whose lot it has been to pass these regions in the winter season*. The snow storms come on so suddenly, that notwithstanding the casuchas are not above two leagues apart, in the most dangerous parts of the mountains, travellers are

* The winter season commences in July, and terminates in November, during which months the Cordillera is impassable for mules.

frequently blinded by the whirlwind, and overwhelmed in the snows, before they can reach one of these havens of safety.

Many were the rude wooden crosses we saw on the road side, erected in memory of the unfortunates who had perished prematurely in the snow-storms. The natives never pass one of them without crossing themselves, and reciting a short prayer. The prayer is for the repose of the soul and its emancipation from purgatory, for they believe that a given number of prayers will have the desired end, according to the virtue or vice of the party when alive.

On the third day after the capture of our mules, we gained the foot of the *Cumbre*, the summit of which is the highest point ridge we had to cross, and is the boundary between Mendoza and Chile. The weather had looked very lowering for some days, and we only saw the sun at intervals. The sky, according to the muleteer's prediction, indicated a storm, and it was our intention to cross, if possible, to the Chile side, previous to its descent. It was, however, late in

the evening when we arrived at the foot of the Cumbre, and our mules were too fatigued to ascend the mountain, without rest, so we were compelled to halt until next morning. We slept on the ground in the open air.

A night fatal to our comfort ensued, for the storm began about midnight, and on awakening, we found ourselves covered three inches deep in snow. The whole face of the country was one sheet of white, and the flakes beginning to thicken and whirl around, rendered it impossible to proceed. The casucha was within five hundred yards of our bivouac, and we were forced to betake ourselves to it for safety.

In walking up this hill, I was afflicted, for the first time, with the *puna*, or *soroche*. The *puna* is a malady peculiar, I believe, to high mountains, and is a consequence of the extreme rarefaction of the air, which renders it difficult to breathe. I was obliged to lie down three times before I gained the top of the hill, and felt this shortness of breath with a most painful oppression on the chest, and a sensation of sickness. The *puna*

sometimes affects individuals to such a degree, that the blood gushes from their mouths and nostrils. Now, indeed, our sufferings commenced in good earnest, the mules were all turned adrift, to seek shelter where they could, which they generally do under the lee of some hill or rock. Our cargoes were left below, covered with hides, and we then all sheltered ourselves in the interior of the casucha.

The casucha is built of brick, with a vaulted roof of great strength, describing a Gothic arch in the interior; but, on the outside, the roof is shelving to prevent the snow from resting upon it, as, after a certain weight, it glides off at each side. The building is about fourteen feet square, but affords no other accommodation than the black bare walls. Formerly the Spanish government used to have provisions and wood placed in these huts, and they were each secured with a door and window shutter; both of these, however, had been consumed for firing, and the government had discontinued the supplies of food, as the practice did not answer, for the muleteers failed

to supply themselves, and relied upon the plunder of the casuchas.

Our own provisions had fallen short, on account of the delay we had experienced in the journey, and the appearance of the weather indicated that the *temporale*, as these storms are called, would be of some duration.

We made a fire in the middle of the hut, with the wood we had brought with us; the smoke escaping at the door-way and windows, and also at several loop-holes made in the walls. Before the close of the day, our cabin was filled with strange muleteers who kept constantly arriving, and before dark I counted twenty-two persons in the hut. At night our fire was suffered to go out, for our wood being scarce we wished to preserve it for cooking; and a hide and blanket having been substituted for a door and window-shutter, we were soon left in total darkness, with scarcely room to stretch our limbs. For my own part, I wrapped myself in my cloak and inclined my back against the wall; but I could not sleep in so uncomfortable a position; and several times, during the night, I had to

remove the head of one of my neighbours who had by mistake made a pillow of my legs. In fact, we were so thronged that there was not an inch of ground vacant, yet it was, notwithstanding, bitterly cold. Dismal and dreary did the night roll over, whilst the howling of the storm without gave us no hopes of being speedily emancipated; and it is hardly possible for one who has not experienced such a miserable situation, to conceive the various emotions which such a prospect must create in the breast of the boldest and most practised traveller.

The fact of many persons having, at times, perished in these huts, from cold and hunger, was of itself sufficient to render us uneasy; and the crosses on the wall plainly shewed that their number was far from small. When day dawned the storm had rather increased; we all stood up to allow room for a fire to be made, and cooked *baldiviano* (charque and onions,) which was the only food left us.

To prevent any fresh accident with our wine, Robinson and myself had filled our *chifles*, or

horns, which we carried on our saddles, from the remaining barrel, and had thrown it with the rest of its contents into the river; so that our stock of this valuable liquor was very slender. Early on the second morning a man made his appearance at the door of the hut, and uttered a faint cry to be taken in. He was so benumbed with cold, that several muleteers descended the steps to lift him into the hut; he was laid on the floor to all appearances in the act of expiring. We mulled what remaining wine was left, and gave it to him, which had the desired effect, and restored him in the course of a few hours.

Our wood was all burnt, and we were reduced to raw charque and biscuit; our only beverage was water, which was procured from a spring a few yards from the casucha. I afterwards observed there was always water close to these mountain vaults. The storm continued unabated, and the snow, accumulating fast on the top of the hut, at times fell in masses with a deadened sound, from each side of the shelving roof; the muleteers, however, amused themselves by singing and telling

stories of mountain-hobgoblins and ghosts, but, as there were no signs of the storm decreasing, towards evening they began to be quieter. About the hour of *oración*, they all knelt down and recited their vesper prayers.

Another horrible sleepless night succeeded, and the prospect before us became every moment more miserable; our provisions were almost gone, and there was no chance of replenishing them, for our mules had strayed away; and should the storm continue a few days longer, our fate would be truly deplorable. This appeared in the face of every one, and a selfish feeling took possession of each individual; there was a gloomy silence on this day far different to the preceding, and each was apparently occupied in contemplating his own impending fate. I must confess that, after frequently closing my eyes in a reverie, upon opening them, and perceiving the strange objects around me, I could hardly conceive the reality of my being in such a situation. The muleteers seated on the ground or standing against the dark walls of the hut, with their small eyes peer-

ing through their black and matted elf-locks, and the certainty of starvation before us, should the storm not abate very soon,—all seemed to me to give the hut the appearance of a place of punishment, where, for some sin or sorrow, I was cast, and I could not help contemplating how very unsatisfactory it would be to perish in such an unknown and miserable situation.

Another long, cold, and boisterous night passed away.

CHAPTER VI.

*The Storm abates. Ascent of the Cumbre. The Val-
lies of Chile. Aconcagua. Chacabuco. Arrival at
Santiago. General San Martin. Grand Fête, &c.*

Viva la Patria, shouted the muleteers, the next morning, when they observed the sun gilding the pinnacles of the mountains. We were on our feet in an instant, without the trouble of a toilet, for we had not had our cloaks off, during our stay in this mountain dungeon. The storm was over, not a cloud was to be seen; the day was clear and cold, and the bustle of preparation for our departure commenced. Several of the party went in search of the mules, and in about two hours, the poor things made their appearance, quite dejected and hungry, with their ears and necks tipped with snow, and looking so imploringly in our eyes for food, that it was impossible

not to sympathize with their condition; they had been found under some rocks, all huddled in a heap, to keep themselves warm. The scanty moss around served them to browse upon, but it was not sufficient to satisfy their hunger.

About eleven o'clock our preparations for a march were completed; we had taken off our English boots, for which we had substituted snow-shoes, for the purpose of walking. These shoes are composed of sheep-skin, tied closely round the foot and ankle, and protected at the sole by a sandal, or a piece of thick tough hide, which is brought round and braced across the instep by thongs. Our guides also wrapped *pellones* and sheep-skins around us, which serve to prevent any injury from the numerous tumbles, that are the inevitable fate of every one who travels through the yet untrodden snow. Thus accoutered, we looked like a party of Laplanders, and, mounting our beasts, we began our ascent to the Cumbre, or the mountain-top. It was the steepest and longest acclivity we had yet experienced, and wound along by a road, with sharp zig-zag turnings, in

some places so steep, that it appears miraculous how a mule could retain his footing on the mountain side. After a long hour, we succeeded in reaching the summit of our journey. Although this was the lowest point of the great chain, the Cumbre is calculated at thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Many leagues to the south, *Tupungato* rears his haughty peak, and is little inferior to *Chimborazo* in altitude.

As we ascended, the sun's rays lay warm on the mountain's side, and we were protected from the wind, but, on reaching the top, a keen cutting blast met us, and seemed to pierce us through, notwithstanding we were well protected by ponchos and cloaks. Our faces we wrapped up in shawls, the only part of them that was visible being the eyes and nose. We now looked down into the valleys of Chile, but could only descry a wild waste of snow and clouds beneath us, the distance being lost in mist. The crosses at the top of the mountain were very numerous, and indeed too many of these memorials were to be seen all the way up, recording the spot where some unfortunate had

untimely perished in these high regions, whose only dirge had been the condor's hungry shriek, and all that remained, when found in the spring, was his skeleton, "stretched out and bleaching in the northern blast."

A large lake lay on our right, enclosed amongst the mountains: this extensive sheet of water, above the clouds, had a very singular appearance.

The snow upon the Chile side of the mountain is deeper than on the other, and our mules could proceed no further, we therefore dismounted to walk into the valley. One of the peons was sent back to Mendoza with the mules, and our trunks being secured by lassoes, the muleteers dragged them down the hill. We had each been provided with a staff as long as Prospero's wand, which served to keep us steady and to probe our way with; and we, therefore, to the number of fifteen (including some of our friends of the casucha,) commenced our march up to the middle in snow. It was not long before I perceived the necessity of the sheep-skins, in which we were swathed, for the tumbles we got were incessant; the path

being completely invisible, we sometimes lost our footing, and fell a distance of eight or ten feet, whilst at others we got a slide of as many yards. However, the whole party were in high spirits, and made the hills echo with their shouts and songs. I had an altercation in the morning with my guide, (who was a very surly fellow,) about a mule which I had selected for my own riding, and which I would not allow him to take from me. He had, therefore, conceived a pique against me, and we had not been long on foot, when he came behind me, and thrusting his pole against my back, which was fortunately protected by a pella, threw me some distance, and I fell with my face in the snow, upon which he grinned and called it a joke. I did not happen to be in a very playful mood after what I had gone through, and knowing this was done from spite, I concealed my resentment; but, at a later period in the day, observing him to stand at the edge of a small ravine, I discharged him therefrom with a kick, accompanied by a sharp stroke with my staff across his shoulders, which tumbled him like a

ball, about ten feet down, where he for some time lay floundering, in a thick wreath of snow, to the great diversion of his myrmidons, over whom he was a consummate tyrant, and who shewed their teeth like laughing hyænas, at this sudden overthrow of their "head of affairs." He did not appear to wish for a renewal of such gambols, but kept the remainder of the day at a most respectful distance.

It was sunset when we reached the casuchas of *Calaveras*, but we had not then got out of the regions of snow. A courier had been despatched from Mendoza, across the mountains, to provide mules in Chile, which were to await us at the line where the snow terminated. We now met this mountain Mercury, but the mules had been left in the valley of *Ojos de Agua*, to pasture for the night. A Chileno muleteer was his companion; they had brought two kids with them, which were barely roasted before we laid hands upon them, for our hunger would not allow us to wait for the dinner service, and I never made a more delicious repast. We had had nothing that morn-

ing except a few crumbs scraped from our biscuit-bag, and moistening our mouths with snow. This evening the beams of the clear cold moon fell in a flood of light upon the mountain's side, which, being covered to its base with snow, had a most dazzling and beautiful effect. After our repast we went into a casucha (the Calaveras,) to sleep, being much fatigued at our novel mode of travelling. In one of the falls I had, I struck my foot against the sharp edge of a rock, and cut it severely: on my arrival at the Calaveras, I found it covered with blood, and, in order to draw out the frost, I placed my foot in a lump of snow, which will always have that desirable effect.

In the morning, our fresh mules were brought up to the door, and having again recruited our system with some beef, we dispensed with our mountain costume of sheep-skins and snow-shoes, and rode down the valley; the snow was still on the ground, but quite practicable for the mules. The constant reflection of the sun on the snow, during the preceding day, had nearly

blinded us, our lips were of a blue colour, and swollen with cold to twice their usual size, and when we attempted to speak, the blood streamed from them.

These are almost the certain effects of passing the Cordillera in winter, and I have known some people to remain partially blind for a week afterwards.

We now got down to the *Ojos de Agua*, which is the last casucha on the Chile side, and here our eyes were gladdened by the freshness of the growing verdure. A beautiful stream of clear water ran down the mountain side, and here widened into a small river. The transition from the bleak waste of snow to this valley was delightful, and as our mules were excellent, we rode at a long trot. The change of scene had a revivifying effect upon our troop; the trees were beginning to put forth their leaves and blossoms, and the banks of the waters, as well as the hill sides, were covered with wild flowers. Our road lay along a river of considerable size to the left, which had its main branch from the *Ojos de Agua*, and was joined by innu-

merable rills from the two mountains on either side. Some of these slender streamlets gushed from a height of two hundred feet, and shone in the sun like silver. The fantastic appearance of the high over-hanging cliffs, on both sides of the valley, had a very picturesque effect; several of these rocks, at a distance, have the appearance of some gigantic enchanted castle, as described in oriental romance.

We now approached a deep defile,

————— “ or glen,

“ Where scattered lay the bones of men.”

On inquiring what was the cause of the number of human bones lying around, we were informed that, in the early part of the year, a sharp affair had taken place in this pass, where a detachment of San Martin's army, under Colonel Martinez, had defeated the guard of Spaniards left to protect it, and that the bones in question were those of the *Godos*, or Goths, (for so the Spaniards are called,) who had been killed in the battle,

their bodies having been left to feed "the maws of kites."

The guard-house was in the narrowest part of the valley, and it was merely defended by a breast-work of loose stones, extending across the ravine, but of no actual strength. We remained here for the night.

One of the muleteers, either from design or stupidity, had a most provoking trick of constantly standing before me, when I was seated near the fire of our bivouac: I repeatedly expressed my dislike of this practice, which, however, he appeared not to heed; at last I hit upon an expedient, which effectually cured him. That evening, according to custom, he had taken his position in front, and was in a stooping posture, cooking his *baldiviano*, when I quietly withdrew the bullet from one of my pocket pistols, and fired the powder at his *trasero**. This unexpected explosion caused him to leap over the fire, with the agility of a mountain goat; he for some time

* Hind quarter.

continued rubbing the warmed part, amidst the loud laughter of his companions, and he did not think fit to intrude afterwards on my side of the fire.

On the next day, after passing through a country still more covered with vegetation and trees, we came to the river of *Aconcagua*, which is almost opposite the village of that name. This river is very rapid, and is sometimes dangerous to ford; however, we proceeded to cross it one by one. I must here pause to relate the conduct of the quadruped, which carried my inestimable sample-box, and which I was driving before me through this river. Whether this mule (for they are all remarkably sagacious animals,) actually knew the value of the samples better than myself, or whether he was instigated by a freak, I have not ascertained, but scarcely had he reached the middle of the stream, when—Oh, horror! I saw my unfortunate box immersed in the waves, its bearer having thought proper to kneel down to cool himself! Before I could rally the beast from his position, the mischief was done, and my ill-starred

casket was completely inundated. And I, knowing its contents (was aware that this novel mode of washing had caused the colours of most of the prints to take their final leave, at the same time, that it had dissolved the starch out of those "warranted to stand," tarnished the lustre of the bombazeens, and spoiled all the beautiful Halifax baizes,) sadly bewailed this fatal ablution, until my arrival at Santiago, where I was informed that the Chile merchants (who are no bad judges,) never purchase by sample, always preferring to see the goods, and then "there can be no mistake;" which caution, doubtless, proceeds from a long and intimate knowledge of the forced trade upon the shores of the Pacific, by which they have, of course, been thoroughly initiated into all the "mysteries of the craft."

Having crossed the river of Aconcagua, in an hour more we were safely lodged in the village of Villa Nueva de los Andes. It is prettily situated in a very fertile part of Chile: the inhabitants are few, and are either farmers or muleteers, but they raise quantities of corn, maize, grapes, and almost

every description of fruit. This village has a church and prison, and is governed by an alcalde, to whom we showed our passports; his house was in the square, which is surrounded by small houses built of mud, and whitewashed. The luxuriant green of the country around, together with the grand back view of the Cordilleras, has a most picturesque effect. There was a small military guard in the place, but the soldiers wore what I supposed was their undress; it consisted of a military cap, a poncho, and sandals of hide. Our head muleteer, Manzillo, resided at this village, and wishing to appear spruce on his arrival in Chile, which is the name they give Santiago, he resolved to tarry here a day or two in order to beautify. My friend and myself were not disposed to stay a moment after our several impediments, and were most anxious to get on to the capital, and therefore immediately hired horses for that purpose.

We left our muleteer, at his own door, with his head lying upon his wife's lap, (who was giving it a strict examination,) and requesting him to bring

up the rear and baggage the next day, we galloped off, intending to sleep at Chacabuco, which is fourteen leagues from Santiago de Chile. The road was hilly, and in an hour we got to the top of the Cuesta de Chacabuco, which overlooks the plain in which Santiago stands. It was at this spot, on the 12th of February, 1817, that the patriots, under General San Martin, gained that great victory which has immortalized the name of the place. The above distinguished officer, who has since become so celebrated for his career in Chile and Peru, here laid the foundation of that fame which subsequently became so renowned in South America. He was governor of Mendoza, in the latter part of the year 1816, when the combined armies of O'Higgins and Carrera had been defeated at Rancagua, in Chile. There was a misunderstanding between these two chiefs, and San Martin espoused the cause of the former, and as these officers, as well as the wreck of their army, passed over to Mendoza, San Martin, by his great exertions, collected them into a fresh body, and, incorporating them with

the troops he had raised in Mendoza and the neighbouring provinces, in the course of six months he was at the head of about five thousand men, and prepared for an attack to recover Chile, from the possession of the Spaniards. General San Martin matured his plans with so much caution, that the royalists were quite at a loss on what point to expect him, and at one period their troops were despatched to the South, in dread lest he should make an irruption through the planchon, or territory of the Pehuenches Indians, and join the adherents of O'Higgins, who were very numerous in the province of Concepcion. In short, by celerity, secrecy, and false alarms, he so perplexed the Spanish governor, that the latter kept his troops in separate divisions in different and remote points in Chile.

The passes through which the army of San Martin ultimately effected the invasion of Chile, were considered almost inaccessible, and, comparatively, few troops had been left to guard that side of the capital. On the 17th January, 1817, the patriot army set out in three divisions, to ac-

comply with an undertaking to which Nature appeared to oppose the most formidable barriers. The march was long, harassing, and dreadful: I cannot refer the reader to a better account of it than that contained in the Memoirs of General Miller; suffice it to say, that, after enduring cold, hunger, fatigue, and every kind of privation; after losing many men, owing to the frost, on the tops of the Andes, and thousands of horses and mules, through fatigue, the three divisions met on the Chile side, at the point agreed upon, notwithstanding they had heard nothing of each other during their separate marches among the mountains. The whole army was reunited on the 12th of February, on the heights which overlook the *Cuesta de Chacabuco*. The royalists had fallen back into the plain, and were there drawn up in order of battle: and here San Martin attacked them, when a general action took place, which was terminated in a few hours, by the total defeat of the royalists: and the next day the patriot army entered, in triumph, the capital of Santiago.

As we passed along the plain, we perceived the remains of the "broken tools which tyrants cast away," for many were the human bones lying whitening in the wind and sun, but the corn was shooting up in its beautiful green, as if to screen them from our view.

I cannot imagine a more humiliating sensation for poor human nature than passing over a field of battle, after the interest attendant on an expected engagement, and the excitation of the actual fight have subsided, and the only visible tokens of man's ruin and devastation are the scattered and crumbling bones of his fellow-creatures!

On the night of our arrival at this place, we slept at the farm of Chacabuco, which, on the day of the battle, had been the head quarters of the Spanish general. This farm was the largest we had seen in Chile; the land around was very fertile, consisting of a black loamy soil. Here we saw a native ploughing a field; the plough was composed of a heavy log of wood, as rude as possible, both in make and shape, and a piece of iron served as the share. This machine, which

was drawn by two oxen, and guided by a Guaso*, scarcely entered the soil, but merely scraped apart a little loam, and yet this slight labour answered every purpose in a land for which Nature has done so much. Attached to the farm there was a vineyard and orchard, with every other usual appendage of a large estate, and cattle and horses in abundance.

The climate, at this time of the year (October,) was truly delightful, though somewhat warm in the middle of the day, but the nights are deliciously cool, and the cloudless sky studded with stars, which shed a brilliancy rarely seen in Europe, together with the constellations of the Great Southern Cross, and the Clouds of *Magellan* give a feeling of sublimity to a Chilean night. At Chacabuco we met with every accommodation; there was plenty of meat, fowls, fruits, and vegetables; and we were ushered into a house, for the first time, since our departure from Mendoza, (our sojourn at the casucha only excepted.) The room

* Countryman.

was large and well built, with a cane top; but the inside was a dark mud, the walls and doors being neither whitewashed nor painted.

On the 29th of October we started at sunrise, and, before noon, came in view of the city of Santiago, which we saw from a small eminence, at the distance of about three leagues, with its white towers shining in the sun*. We had a delightful ride through a grove of aromatic trees, something like the laburnum in appearance, and by three o'clock we had passed the suburbs, and were on the bridge leading into the town of Santiago. This bridge, which is of stone, has five arches, and is lofty and handsome; it was built by O'Higgins, father of the present general, when he was captain-general of Chile. From the centre of it

* The population from Santa Rosa to Santiago is very scanty, and the roads in winter are very desolate, because in this season the mountains are closed to the muleteers. Even when in the immediate environs of Santiago, there was not the least bustle which could indicate our approach to this populous city.

there is a fine view of the town, the surrounding country, and the river Mapocho.

The country, compared with any thing I had hitherto seen in South America, presented a less wild view; cultivation had extended itself far up the sides of the lower Cordillera, and the plantations on the acclivity, interspersed with *haciendas*, or farm-houses, gave an appearance of population and industry. The Mapocho is not a wide stream, except in the rainy seasons and during the melting of the snows in the mountains, when it is swollen to a formidable size, and on several occasions it has inundated part of the city, notwithstanding the protection of a brick dyke, called the *Tajamar*, which extends along the whole of that side of that town which skirts the river.

The city of Santiago does not equal in size that of Buenos Ayres, but it is much more pleasing to the eye. The streets are of a good breadth, well paved with small stones, with a flag footpath. The houses are, usually, only one story high, on account of earthquakes; the walls are four feet thick, and are built of large bricks, called *dobies*,

made of baked mud; but they are all well white-washed, which gives them an agreeable appearance. The windows looking towards the streets have an ornamented *reja* of iron, well painted, and sometimes gilded. Every house has a large gateway, which is the only entrance to the mansion. Some of the front apartments are let out for shops, but these have a small door in front, and are not connected with the family residence. The town, altogether, is very regularly built, the streets being all at right angles, which is the style of most Spanish cities.

We passed through the great square, but its buildings, with the exception of the governor's palace, are very poor in appearance; and there is a market at one end. The cathedral, which stands in this square, was unfinished when I saw it, but its style of architecture was more chaste and regular than any I had previously observed. Passing the square, we rode into the front area of the house of a merchant, to whom I had letters. I found him at dinner, with the whole of his countrymen, at the house of Dr. Cox.

All the English, then in Santiago, did not amount to twelve, and as they were comparatively strangers to the place, (most of them having come from Buenos Ayres after the battle of Chacabuco,) they associated constantly with each other; they were all, with the exception of Dr. Cox*, engaged in commerce. A grand fête and ball was to be given that night, by General San Martin, in honour of Commodore Bowles, (his Britannic Majesty's commander in the Pacific,) whose frigate, the *Amphion*, was then lying in the Bay of Valparaiso. All the English were to be there, and they obligingly offered Mr. Robinson† and myself tickets; accordingly, in the evening, after taking off our beards for the first time since we left Mendoza, and dressing for the occasion, we

* This gentleman is much respected by every one for his charitable disposition and pleasing manners, and has resided in Santiago upwards of twenty years, as a medical practitioner. He was formerly a surgeon in the Russian navy.

† Mr. J. L. Robinson is now a merchant in Arequipa, Peru, and married to a Peruvian lady.

proceeded to the *Cabildo*, a large public building, where the assembly was given.

The spacious court of the *Cabildo* forming a large quadrangle, was fitted up for this entertainment; an awning had been spread over for a roof, which was adorned with the united flags of Buenos Ayres, Chile, and other friendly nations; the whole was beautifully illuminated at the sides with variegated lamps, and several rich glass chandeliers were suspended in different parts of the room. The large sala and apartments around were laid out with supper and refreshments, and other rooms were set apart for the chief officers, both civil and military.

I was this evening introduced to General San Martin, by Mr. Richard Price, and was much struck at the appearance of this Hannibal of the Andes. He is tall and well formed, and his whole appearance is highly military: his countenance is very expressive; his complexion a deep olive; his hair is black, and he wore large whiskers without mustachios; his eyes are large and black, and possess a fire and animation which would be remarka-

ble under any circumstances. He is very gentlemanly in his deportment, and, when I saw him, he was conversing with the greatest ease and affability to the company around; he received me with much cordiality, for he is very partial to the English nation. The assembly was most brilliant, consisting of all the inhabitants of the first rank in Santiago, as well as of all the chief military officers: hundreds were performing the mazy waltz, and general satisfaction was depicted in every face.

When I contemplated this scene, so different from that exhibited during our late melancholy and dreary journey—the being so suddenly translated into the midst of civilization and elegance, from the lonely Cordillera, to the assembled “beauty” and “chivalry” of the capital, appeared to me like enchantment.

Upon my afterwards attempting to describe this feeling to a Spanish gentleman, he used an apt, though somewhat profane simile when he replied—“You must have felt like a soul escaped from Purgatory into Paradise.”

Several of my own countrymen were in the patriot army, and amongst those present, at the above assembly, were Captain O'Brien, and Lieutenants Bowness and Lebas; these had all been in the battle of Chacabuco. Some officers of His Majesty's ship *Amphion* were also partaking of the entertainment. During the supper, which was laid out in a very splendid and sumptuous manner, many patriotic and complimentary toasts were exchanged between the chief officers, both civil and military, and our own naval commander. After this repast, the party recommenced dancing, which I understand they continued till long after daylight, but, feeling myself weary, I retired soon after midnight, to take my first night's repose in the capital of Chile.

CHAPTER VII.

The City of Santiago. Great Square. The Inhabitants. Convents. Superstition. Religious Ceremonies. Friars. Amusements. Tacamar. Political Summary.

THE City of Santiago was founded by Pedro de Valdivia, in the year 1541. It is situated in an extensive and fertile plain, watered by the rivers Maypo and Mapocho, and lies in 33 South latitude, and 55 W. longitude, from Greenwich. The space which it covers is much more considerable than the amount of the population would seem to warrant, but every dwelling extends over a large portion of ground, being generally built but one story high, and each has a spacious court in front, and a garden and yard behind.

AseQUIAS, about three feet wide, run through the centre of the streets; well supplied from the

river Mapocho, and as the body of water is large and constantly flowing, the streets are always kept in a state of cleanliness, much superior to those of Buenos Ayres. AseQUIAS are likewise carried through the gardens, some of which, belonging to the first-rate houses, are large and handsomely laid out, ornamented with stone fountains in the centre, and containing orange, pomegranate, and lime trees, with vines, and a variety of plants and flowers indigenous to the country. Vegetation is always in a flourishing state in Santiago, for the winter is scarcely felt in this delightful country, and the snow seldom lies on the ground. Chile also abounds in many aromatic and medicinal plants, and may be said to have the blessing of St. Patrick upon it, as no venomous reptile is to be found throughout the country.

The churches only are built of stone and brick, but the houses are composed of mud bricks, baked in the sun, and are roofed with red tiles. The walls of the houses are very thick, from two feet to a *vara*, or Spanish yard, which renders them

very substantial, and the dryness of the climate is also favourable to their duration.

The great square contains, on the north side, the cathedral and bishop's palace, and on the east the palace of the governor and the state prison; but the south and west sides consist of shops, with a piazza, which affords a very refreshing shelter during the heat of the day. The shops have no external display, and are usually composed of one small room. None of the shopkeepers are very rich, and those Spanish merchants who had become opulent under the old regime were fast disappearing at the time I speak of; for the patriot government had placed exactions upon them, (to support the war of the country,) who had attained their wealth by a Spanish monopoly; and although it may appear hard upon the individuals, yet, when it is considered that they derived that wealth from similar extortions upon the natives, no liberal person will say that it was any thing but retributive justice. The artisans in Santiago are principally silversmiths, curriers, saddlers, and blacksmiths, but their work

is very rude and uncouth; their joining is generally finished by the hatchet, and their huge hinges and padlocks are of a construction that would appear most strange to one who had never travelled beyond the purlieus of Sheffield and Birmingham. The Spanish tailors, though they cannot by their style improve a bad figure, yet certainly have the knack of spoiling a good one, "the only garment" they "make scientifically" is the Spanish *capote*, or cloak, which is of such voluminous dimensions, that it frequently serves as a heir loom from generation to generation.

There are several water-mills in the neighbourhood of Santiago, for grinding corn and maize. The principal buildings are the Mint, the *Cabildo*, Custom House, the governor's and bishop's palaces, the cathedral, and the churches of San Domingo and San Merced.

The inhabitants in the city and environs are estimated at forty thousand, but I should scarcely think that they amounted to that number. They are extremely obliging and mild in their dispositions, and I observed that they were remarkably

attentive to strangers,—indeed it was not unusual, when a foreigner was passing through the streets, for him to be stopped at the door or window of a house by some member of the family, and invited to partake of their hospitality.

The style of living of the inhabitants is far from luxurious, their standard dishes are soups and *ollas*. The bread is excellent in Santiago, Chile wheat being considered of very superior quality. In the morning they take maté and chocolate; about two o'clock they dine, and then take a siesta until four; in the evening they take maté and a hot meat supper. They have but little idea of setting out a table, and do not remain an instant after the meal is concluded; the men are very abstemious and sober, and their only luxury is a cigar after meals.

At the present day, some of the first-rate families have fallen into European customs, particularly in regard to the hours in those houses where intermarriages have taken place with foreigners.

There is in Santiago a convent, built by the Jesuits; indications of the surprising industry and

intelligence of that extraordinary sect are to be met with all over Spanish America. The account of the astonishing obstacles they have surmounted, in improving the cultivation and buildings of the country they have settled in, and in converting the native Indians, would fill a volume; and although their exertions tended principally towards increasing the dignity of their own body, which excited the jealousy of the Spanish court, yet I question whether their annihilation was conducive to the interests of the country at the period it occurred. Their intelligence and industry were the theme of universal praise, and certainly have not since been supplied.

The convents have all corridors, or cloisters, according to the Gothic style. Each monk has his separate cell, furnished with the greatest simplicity; a cistern of water, an image of the Saviour, and the patron saint, a few religious books, a table, and a chair. The corridors contain paintings of many of the martyrs and saints who have suffered persecution and death for their stedfast adherence to the Roman Catholic faith. Sir Tho-

mas à Becket, and many other English saints, who lived during the times of our Edwards and Henrys, are frequently to be seen, rudely painted, on the walls, with brief sketches of their lives and manner of their death.

San Francisco, in the Canada of Santiago, is a remarkably fine and spacious convent ; its courts are adorned with lofty palm trees and cedars. Sometimes a large wooden crucifix is erected in the centre of the court belonging to the convents, upon which the priests do penance and scourge themselves; and at the foot of the cross a number of human skulls are occasionally to be seen. When I beheld these sad emblems of mortality piled up in pyramidical order, and “grinning in many a ghastly row,” it reminded me of Hamlet’s observation on the skull of poor Yorick—

“To what base uses we may return.”

As far as I have ever seen of the priests and friars, they are far from intolerant, nor do they take any trouble to obtain proselytes from amongst strangers. Certainly, at a former period, they

endeavoured to inflame the natives against all heretics to their faith, and I was credibly informed, by an Englishman, who had visited Chile, about twenty years ago, that the lower class of people were all impressed with the idea, that every Protestant had a tail similar to that ascribed to the "evil one;" of course it was policy in the priests to inculcate this belief, as it tended to prevent their dominion over the natives being infringed upon. The same gentleman informed me, that the above opinion was so firmly established among some of the inhabitants, that, when he first visited Santiago, one old lady, more curious than the rest, drew aside the skirts of his coat, to ascertain, by ocular demonstration, whether he actually possessed that "Satanic appendage."

These absurdities now no longer exist, and the power of superstition is fast upon the decline amongst all classes of the people. At the same time, it must be allowed, that there is something in the pomp and blandishments of the Roman Catholic faith well calculated to gain a sway over the ignorant mind. Its solemn festivals

and gorgeous processions; the impressive church service, accompanied by music and the chaunt of the splendidly attired churchmen; the apparent devotion of the kneeling congregation; when I have seen the interior of the church one blaze of light, from the wax candles; have witnessed the effulgence thrown from the high altar, the jewelled and gilded images and pictures, the massive silver chandeliers and candelabras; and, above all, have listened to the loud organ's peal, streaming down the illuminated aisle, joined to the music of the violin, clarionet, and hautboy, I have ceased to wonder at this religion retaining such a sovereign power over the senses, to which it appears to be so particularly addressed.

It is not my wish to call into question any tenets different to those in which I have been educated, but I state what were my own impressions, as a passive looker on, at these things.

The friars certainly live comfortably, and appear to be about the most robust class of the inhabitants; they are very civil and affable, and it is

only occasionally that one meets with a surly and disappointed looking priest who eyes every stranger to his religion as an enemy.

I have often been invited to partake of their hospitality, and they have usually an abundance of excellent cheer. Several of my friends and myself were one day invited by an Irish friar, who had resided many years in Chile, and who was a brother of the order of Recoleta. His convent was beautifully situated, about half a league from Santiago, at the foot of a verdant hill, with a garden and vineyard of considerable size.

He entertained us with a profusion of good things, and was joined by several of his brethren, not of "Pharaoh's lean kine," and as there was wine enough to make us merry, one of my friends whispered to me, this is "father Paul in his cups" realized.

The hacendados, or farmers, are the most opulent people in Santiago, and some of their estates yield a considerable income; these are generally situated in the fertile vales of Aconcagua, Maypo, Rancagua, Melipilla, and the neighbourhood of

Santiago. I have before stated, that rich Spanish merchants have been forced away, either by extortions, or from a dread of them, and very few of the shopkeepers are people of property. The lower classes in Santiago are very poor, but then their wants are few, and the mildness of the climate and the fertility of the soil tend to render their absolute necessities still fewer. There are no wholesale merchants in Santiago among the natives, all people in trade have shops. Some of the members of the municipality, and even of the Cabildo, which is the highest court, are shopkeepers. There are few purchasers come from any distance to Santiago, the line of coast in Chile being so extended, that they can procure their necessities much nearer. It is in the large towns and villages that European articles are almost exclusively consumed, for the country people have their own manufactures of ponchos, coarse baizes, and cottons. The habits of the people would not be considered industrious in Europe; a balmy climate, little to do, and the usual inclination in mankind to indolence, con-

spire to make Santiago far from a busy town; yet what can be expected in a place so retired from the coast, and where, comparatively, nothing is imported, except what serves for the consumption of the inhabitants, the number of whom, both in the town and suburbs, does not exceed forty thousand. Even the English become more languid and inert after a time, from having their warehouses constantly open, without visitors, (except on the arrival of a new cargo,) and from their being, perhaps from two to three months, without getting either a newspaper or letter from their own country. When all these things are considered, it is not surprising that people should fall into a natural lassitude and indolence, now that the country is undisturbed by civil wars. The men of Santiago, at the present day, dress very well, especially the young beaux of the place. It is only lately that they have followed European fashions: when I first visited Santiago, a round stuff jacket, adorned with brass flagree buttons, and a poncho, was a very usual dress amongst

respectable young men; but they have now changed surprisingly for the better.

The ladies of Santiago are very pretty, with fairer complexions than any I saw in South America; many have blue eyes and auburn hair: they are very good tempered and affable. Their amusements do not differ much from those of the under republic of Buenos Ayres, but they have scarcely attained so close a resemblance to European manners. They dance and play on the guitar, many on the pianoforte; and they are very lively in their remarks and conversation. The education is very confined, yet their penetration is quick; they enjoy, as may be supposed, but few of the advantages of reading. I have seldom seen their libraries extend beyond *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, the novels of Cervantes, *Paul and Virginia*, and a few minor story books, always excepting the *Missal*, *History of Martyrs*, and some religious books. Yet I know not whether they are not in a more healthy state of mind, from this paucity of reading, than the ladies

of those countries, where the imagination is constantly heated, by invariably perusing "the last new novel," and who, in consequence, have usually a corresponding quantum of affected sentiment, to which the less sophisticated fair ones of Chile are strangers. However, I have known several ladies in South America who were very conversant with French and English literature, and who spoke and wrote both languages with considerable fluency.

The inhabitants of Santiago have but few diversions, yet those are extremely pleasant. On festival days and Sundays, the people assemble, about a mile from the town, at the extremity of the Tajamar, and indulge in their favourite amusement of horse-racing: which is conducted in the same manner as the races I have described in my account of Mendoza.

On these holidays, the ladies proceed to the Tajamar in full dress, in their calesas, each drawn by a mule, with a black or Mulatto postilion on its back, and the carriages are arranged abreast

on one side; the gentlemen display their equestrian grace, and keep riding about, occasionally stopping to converse with their acquaintances in the carriages. Many of the gentry also walk up and down the Tajamar, or upon the wall, which overlooks the river. The Tajamar is by far the pleasantest promenade near Santiago; it is a broad straight road, about a mile in length, and contains, at certain distances, stone seats, which, on both sides of the road, are shaded with lofty and evergreen trees. There is a large fountain near the entrance, and the Cordilleras range parallel with it, displaying, in the evening, a variety of beautiful colours,—as the sun's last glittering rays are cast upon the pinnacles of the mountains.

Since 1817 another more extensive and beautiful promenade has been formed on the Canada: it commenced whilst Don Bernando O'Higgins was governor. It is planted with poplar trees, in regular rows, and is now more fashionable than the Tajamar.

That the reader may form a clear conception of the existing state of political affairs upon my arrival in Chile, it will be necessary to take a retrospective review of the different parties and interests which had for some years previously agitated the political horizon. Chile had remained quiet under the Spanish rule since the conquest, and, with the exception of occasional wars with the Araucano Indians, who live to the south of the river *Biobio*, had enjoyed uninterrupted peace and tranquillity. Indeed, the inhabitants appear to partake in disposition of the balmy nature of their climate, and nothing but the intolerance and tyranny of the Spanish government could have prompted so pacific a nation to take up arms. The oppression and extortions of the civil and military men, who were sent from Spain to govern the natives; their horrid cruelties to the poor defenceless Indians (not the least of which was compelling them to perish in the slavery of the mines;) the Spanish system of

government, which did not allow the people the benefit of the natural productions of the soil, prohibiting them from cultivating either the vine, the olive, or the tobacco plant; and forcing them to receive their wines and oils from the mother country, and their tobacco through the same channel; the enormous duties upon all European manufactured goods, the introduction of which was confined to the monopoly of Cadiz merchants, who sent out but a few vessels annually, with articles which the petty governors of the provinces (interested in the sale,) compelled the natives to purchase, at extortionate prices, whether they wanted them or not;—these, and other innumerable acts of injury and insult, on the part of Spain towards the colonies, repeated year after year, and no privilege or amelioration for the benefit of the people taking place, at length aroused the natives to a proper sense of their wrongs,—and when the bugle of Liberty first sounded on the shores of La Plata, the blast was re-echoed from the Chilean mountains.

The events which had occurred in the new

republic of Buenos Ayres could not fail to inspire the citizens of Chile with an anxious desire to emancipate themselves from thralldom; or, if they could not entirely throw off the galling fetters of Spain, at least to make an attempt to ease them. It does not appear to have been at first the intention of the Chile people to separate themselves entirely from the mother country, their desire of change extending no further, than to the modifying of the laws in favour of the native inhabitants, who were to govern in trust for the Spanish monarch.

The principal inhabitants in Santiago, under this view, deposed the Captain General of the capital, in July, 1810, and formed a junta composed of six of the most influential individuals. This junta enacted several laws of the greatest importance.

It proclaimed the liberty of the press; the abolition of all fees to the clergy, with the exception of their salaries which were to be paid by the state; free trade with all nations friendly to Spain; and the abolition of Negro slavery, by declar-

ing that, from the date of the formation of the Congress (which was soon formed,) all children born of slaves should be free, and those imported subsequently should, after a time, receive the benefit of manumission.

These new laws in a nation accustomed hitherto to passive obedience, may appear premature, as the people who had been kept blinded by ignorance could not suddenly be prepared for so enlightened a system; yet these inconveniences are always unavoidable in a revolution, and experience proves that the sooner a people are informed of the extent of their privileges, the more likely are they to attain their object in a short time.

Of course this new political state of things gave rise to various civil conflicts, and, towards the year 1811, dissensions had reached such a height, that it enabled three brothers, of a family of distinction, in Santiago, to seize upon the military command of the capital, and to dissolve the Congress. The family of the Carreras were the most influential in the city. The brothers José Miguel, Juan Jose, and Luis, were all young

men of talent and attainments, particularly the eldest. They were extremely handsome, and excelled in the military accomplishments of the day; they were all officers in the army, and much beloved by the soldiery on account of their affability and unbounded liberality; yet, when in power, they unfortunately yielded to their vanity and dissipation, which was ultimately the cause of the party of O'Higgins gaining an ascendancy; and the conflicts which ensued were the source of much bloodshed and sorrow throughout the land.

After the Carreras had taken the command and dissolved the Congress, a fresh junta was formed, and José Miguel Carrera chosen as its head.

In the meanwhile the Viceroy of Peru, who was anxiously awaiting the results of the disgust which the incapacity of the several leading parties in Chile had spread among the people, despatched a force under General Parejas from Lima, which landed near *Talcahuano*, in the early part of 1813. On the arrival of this force

the dissensions which had existed between the parties of Don Bernando O'Higgins, and the Carreras, and which were on the eve of breaking into a civil war, were checked for a time; both united their forces and proceeded to act against the common enemy. The royalists were defeated in two partial actions; but the patriots failed to follow up their success, and gave time to the royalists to put the towns of Chillan and Talcahuano into a state of defence. The royalists also gained over the Indians, the free and fearless *Araucanos*, who became their allies. Many battles of no great importance were fought between the contending parties, in which General O'Higgins gained fresh laurels by his perseverance and courage, for which he was remarkable; but the little military energy displayed by the Carreras caused them to be suspended from rank and employment, and sent to Santiago; they were, however, taken prisoners by the royalists whilst on their road thither.

O'Higgins and Mackenna then took the command of the army. Another reinforcement from

Lima, under General Gainza, made its appearance, but it was defeated by O'Higgins and Mackenna, and Gainza was obliged to shut himself up in *Talca*.

At this time Captain Hilliar, of H.M.S. *Phoebe*, came from Lima with powers from the Viceroy to act as mediator.

The Supreme Director Lastra appointed commissioners to negotiate a peace, and Captain Hilliar accompanied them to Talca, with Mr. John James Barnard as his interpreter. A treaty was signed on the 5th May, 1814, between these commissioners and the Spanish general, who bound himself to evacuate the country with all his troops, within the space of two months.

The Viceroy was to acknowledge the freedom of Chile, but that state, nevertheless, was to send deputies to the Cortes in Spain, which body they agreed to acknowledge during "the *surveillance* of Ferdinand the beloved" in France. Hostages for the fulfilment of this treaty were exchanged.

But this solemn compact was a mere farce on the part of the Spaniards, and, as it subsequently

proved, was only entered into by Gainza to allow time for a fresh force to be despatched from Lima in aid of the royal cause. Accordingly, General Osorio, with a division of troops, landed at Talcahuano, and took the field with about 5000 men.

The Carreras, who had been set at liberty, by virtue of the treaty, had shortly after forcibly deposed Lastra, and José Miguel was again placed at the head of the government, but the previous conduct of the three brothers had caused a powerful faction to be formed against them, which solicited the aid of O'Higgins, who was then at Talca.

In this state of things, and when both parties had taken the field at Maypo, they unexpectedly received a summons from Osorio to surrender at discretion. There was now no hope for the cause of liberty but to settle matters by the sword, and, under this conviction, O'Higgins, in order to make common cause with his rival against the foreign enemy, generously waived his command and agreed to serve under José Miguel Carrera.

O'Higgins led the way to the enemy, whom he encountered at the river Cachapoal, but was defeated by superior numbers. He then retreated into Rancagua with the remnant of his force; Carrera, with the main army, being close at hand, on the outside of the town. The royalists commenced a most determined attack upon Rancagua, which was as desperately defended; but Carrera affording no assistance to his new colleague, the place was carried by storm after a resistance of thirty-six hours, in which more than half the besieged were slain.

In this extremity, O'Higgins resolved to make a sortie with the remainder of his troops, (about 200 men,) and placing himself at their head, he rushed out of the town, desperately cut his way through his numerous assailants, and effected his escape, together with his brave band. The hardy valour of this action paralysed the royalists for the moment, and they did not pursue him.

The conduct of Carrera, in thus being a passive spectator of the discomfiture of his ally, was considered highly culpable, and was attributed

to jealousy, which determined him to sacrifice his rival at all hazards; however, when O'Higgins made good his retreat, Carrera was forced to fall back upon Santiago with a force of fifteen hundred men. But the inhabitants were disgusted with the continued factions, and called loudly for Osorio, and, the capital being no longer tenable by the patriots, such troops as did not desert, crossed the Andes, to the number of six hundred men, together with many families of rank, including O'Higgins, Mackenna, and the three Carreras. San Martin rallied the flying patriots at Mendoza, espoused the cause of O'Higgins, and the three Carreras passed on to Buenos Ayres.

Meanwhile General Osorio took possession of Santiago, with the most solemn protestations to overlook the conduct of all who had had a share in the revolution, and he issued a general amnesty, but scarcely had he by this stratagem induced the heads of families to return to their homes, than he commenced a most cruel system of persecution and plunder. He seized the per-

sons of some of the most opulent and respectable patriots, as well as those who were only suspected of being such, and had them put on board a vessel in Valparaiso. They were cooped up like slaves from the coast of Africa, wanting the common necessities of life, and were not even allowed the privileges of the deck. The vessel was ordered to the island of Juan Fernandez, and fortunately the passage was short, or they must have perished from disease and hunger. Most of these persons were advanced in years, and were about fifty in number: only one lady was of the party,—her name was Dona Rosorio de Rosales, and to her eternal honour be it mentioned, she solicited, and with great difficulty obtained permission to accompany her father, who was upwards of seventy years of age. These exiles were not allowed to hold any correspondence with their families in Chile, and they endured the most trying privations during their banishment to this hitherto uninhabited island *.

* This is the island upon which the fabled Robinson Crusoe was cast.

An infamous monster of cruelty, called Sambruno, was one of Osorio's chief panders to the plunder and massacre of the unfortunate citizens of Santiago. He murdered with his own hand many patriots, confined in the prisons, under pretence that they were about to rise and make their escape*.

* This wretch equalled Marat in cold-blooded barbarity, and the disgusting actions he was guilty of in mutilating his victims, were only worthy of the filthy demagogues of the French revolution. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Chacabuco, and sent into Santiago upon a jackass with his back foremost, the populace pelting him, as he passed along, with stones, mud, and filth, so that he was glad to avoid their farther resentment in the recess of a dungeon. In a few days he was condemned to die for murder, and was dragged to the scaffold, upon a hurdle, crying like a child, and displaying that imbecility which is almost invariably evinced by tyrants and oppressors, whose cruelty is generally only equalled by their cowardice. His face presented a dreadful picture, for one eye had been nearly knocked out by the populace, and when the executioner took off the bandage, he uttered an agonizing shriek, which, however, only excited the derision of the crowd. He was hanged in the morning and cut down at sunset.

Osorio was succeeded as Captain-general of Chile by His Excellency Don Marco del Pont, a Spanish gentleman, who was distinguished by the usual characteristics of a South American governor—deceit, rapacity, and cruelty. He remained at the head of affairs until San Martin invaded and took Chile, after the battle of Chacabuco, when he was made prisoner and sent to the depot of San Luis in the Pampas, where he remained many years.

General San Martin had been elected Supreme Director by the liberated and grateful Chileans, but he declined that honour in favour of Don Bernardo O'Higgins, who was a native of the country, and not likely to create that jealousy which a foreign military chief, possessed of sovereign sway, might perhaps excite; San Martin, however, retained the command of the combined armies of the Andes, and was generalissimo of all the forces in the country.

The royalists still kept possession of the strongly fortified town of Talcahuano, in the south of Chile, which, with Valdivia, were the only strong

holds left them after the decisive battle of Chacabuco. General O'Higgins laid close siege to Talcahuano, by land, but the sea side was open to the Spaniards, who possessed several vessels of war.

An active correspondence was kept up between the patriots of Chile and Peru, and the way was paving for throwing off the Spanish yoke in the latter country.

Such was the political state of affairs upon my arrival in South America, towards the end of the year 1817. There was still a large Spanish party in Chile, and most of them were people of considerable wealth, but the exactions levied upon them, on account of their political principles, quickly stripped them of their gold, and prevented them from exercising the influence which that formidable metal can usually effect. The patriot army was in high glee after the battle of Chacabuco, and thought themselves invincible; they spoke with contempt and derision of the Spaniards, and the officers boasted that, before the end of the next year, they would dance in Pizarro's palace in Lima.

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Valparaiso. O'Higgins. Casa Blanca. Pacific Ocean. Description of Valparaiso. Chileno Ball. Mode of Business. Mackay's Cruise.

I HAD scarcely been ten days in Santiago when a letter from Captain Warner announced to me the arrival of the *Catalina*, with my cargo, in Valparaiso. I accordingly prepared for a journey to that port, and, having hired a guide, we took our departure early in the morning, intending to sleep at Casa Blanca, twenty leagues distant.

At the entrance to Santiago, on the Valparaiso road, is an obelisk erected to the honour of O'Higgins, the father of the present general *.

* He may be said to have been the most useful man Chile ever possessed; he has left monuments of natural energy and taste which will immortalize his name whilst the country stands. He was an Irishman by birth, and entered Chile a young commercial adven-

The road for seven leagues is flat, and the first part is over a sandy plain. The haciendas, or farms, are enclosed with a high mud wall, covered at the top with a thatch of grass and hurdles, to prevent the walls from being crumbled

turer. He resided in Santiago for many years, and by his prudence and industry amassed a very considerable fortune and gained the general good will of the inhabitants. Upon one occasion, when the Captain-general died, O'Higgins was chosen commandant, *pro tem.* but his government gave such general satisfaction to the court of Spain, that he was afterwards made Viceroy of Peru. He projected the Tajamar, or dyke, which protects the town from the inundations of the river Mopocho, but his greatest undertaking was carrying a waggon-road over two high cuestras, or mountains, between Santiago and Valparaiso. He also made the road between Lima and Callao, and was, in fact, a general benefactor to the country and people. He was a rare example of a disinterested South American governor, and his conduct formed a bright contrast to that of many others sent out from the peninsula, who had only their own mercenary interests in view. His memory is still held dear by the natives, and is never mentioned by any party but with feelings of respect and gratitude.

when the heavy rains take place ; for, excepting at those periods, the climate is so dry, that the walls endure for many years. This road was as destitute of any appearance of traffic as those on the Cordillera side, and would certainly give a stranger no idea of the population of the capital ; all the individuals we met were some peasants taking grass upon horses into the town, and a few muleteers.

After passing the river Puraguel, four leagues distant from the capital, we got to the foot of the Cuesta de Prado, which would, in Europe, be called a mountain of considerable size, but, compared with the Andes, it shrinks into insignificance. At the top of this Cuesta, I had the finest view of the Cordillera I had yet enjoyed, for they are much higher on the Chile side than on the eastern one. I was, however, already so familiarised with the sight of these magnificent mountains, that they did not impress me with that astonishment which would strike a stranger on his first approaching from the sea. No one has ever passed the Cuesta de Prado, from Val-

paraiso, without expressing his delight and wonder at this particular prospect. This Cuesta is a memorable instance of the genius of O'Higgins; it is a road cut for carriages, and on the Valparaiso side contains thirty-three zig-zag turnings; it is broad enough for two waggons to pass at a time. There is no railing, and the wheels sometimes pass so near the edge of the road, and the vehicles are so clumsy, that a stranger expects every moment to see the whole cumbrous machine, with its team of oxen, fall over the perpendicular cliff. The first post from Santiago is called *Bustamante*, which is estimated at eleven leagues distance, I may here, however, remark, that the distances throughout South America are all very far from being calculated with accuracy. They are measured by the gallop of a horse in the Pampas, and as the natives have little idea of geometry, they sometimes make most provoking mistakes. For instance, they will often reckon a distance four leagues as six, and when you expect, what they term a *posta corta*, or short post, of five leagues, it is probable you will find it eight.

The hills, at this time of the year, look brown and bare, the stunted shrubs, which are thinly scattered on their sides, being burnt up by the heat of the sun, but the aloe and prickly pear abound on the mountains in this part of Chile, and grow to a considerable size, which stamps the scenery as characteristic of the New World.

It is only in particular valleys that vegetation thrives, but, as if to compensate for the barrenness of the surrounding country, these vales are doubly fertile; the soil is very rich and loamy, and requires comparatively little of the agriculturist's care. Chile is deficient in a supply of water; but the atmosphere is so delightful and so favourable to almost every kind of culture, that were the whole country well irrigated, it would be capable of being made the granary of all South America.

From Bustamante to *Casa Blanca*, the distance is nine leagues, and, about half way between them, the road crosses the Cuesta de Zapata. This cuesta is cut into turnings, similar to that of Prado, but it is not so high as the latter. From the top of the Cuesta de Zapata is a view of the

road, extending in a straight line, for nine miles, and the prospect is terminated by the church steeple of Casa Blanca. The effect of this is pretty in such a wild country; looking down the road, from Windsor Park to the castle, will give some faint idea of it. Early in the morning the plain is covered with mists, which the rising sun dispels, and it rolls away in clouds, which have the appearance of a sea. It is worth a traveller's while to stand at the top of the Zapata, at sunrise, to witness this.

The straight road commences at the mountain's base; it lies through one of those fertile valleys, which abound in corn, vegetables, and fruits.

The village of Casa Blanca is small, and its inhabitants are few; but they are a civil and obliging people.

Not to weary my reader with a description of every village I passed through, I shall here give an account of one, which may serve for all that I ever saw in Chile. A square is in the centre of the village, and in it usually stands the principal

church; the streets run at right angles; the houses are only one story high, built of mud, and generally whitewashed, with roofs of red tile or thatch. The doors of these dwellings are cumbersome and rude, sometimes they are painted a dirty red colour, but mostly they are quite unadorned; the windows are without glass, and are protected by perpendicular bars of iron. The interior is dirty, with a brick or mud floor; one side of the room is elevated a foot from the ground, with a carpet upon it, this is called the *estrada*. The inside walls have once been whitewashed, and a few small pictures, painted on glass, and of no value, of saints, or martyrs, are sometimes hung against them; upon a sort of pier table, dressed like an altar, is an image of our Saviour on the cross; one or two low tables, with a few old-fashioned chairs and benches, complete the furniture.

The females are generally seated on the *estrada*, dressed in a loose cotton gown, without stockings, and a Bayeta scarf, or woollen shawl, wrapped round their shoulders. They never rise

when a stranger enters, unless it be a lady, but they utter, in a disagreeable singing tone, *Beso v las manos cavallero**, apparently without giving you any welcome. However, this is only the etiquette of the country, and the first impression of their coldness soon wears off. The men are also very civil; they are dressed in velveteen, or coarse cloth, with ponchos, and large straw hats; they are constantly smoking their *cigarros de ojos o de papel*†, and they have always the politeness to hand you one; but if you do not know how to fold and smoke it, they will sometimes wink at their neighbour, and think you a *chambon*, (a know-nothing.)

The hostess makes a gourd of maté, and after sucking half of it herself, honours you with the remainder; and you must instantly put the hot *bombilla*, or tube, to your mouth, (although it has recently been between the lips of the whole com-

* I kiss your hands, cavalier.

† Cigars wrapped in paper, or the leaf of Indian corn.

pany,) or it would be deemed an insult. In my eagerness to manifest my good breeding and approval of their customs, I more than once scalded my mouth, to the great amusement of the company.

Casa Blanca, at this time, contained no tavern, and I slept the first night at the house of the *alcalde*. I remember meeting a fat English gentleman here, newly arrived from Valparaiso; we slept in the same room, upon the mud floor, which swarmed with fleas, to whose attentions he was not so accustomed as myself.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by his outcries; he said he was devoured by the fleas, and in an agony, he sprang on his feet, exclaiming, with great emphasis,—

“ Was it for this I left my father’s house ?

“ O that he were here to write me down an ass.”

And I silently concurred in his quotation.

The next morning we proceeded on our journey to the port, twelve leagues from Casa Blanca; the road is slightly hilly for about half the way,

and then it crosses a plain of four leagues, which is as barren as usual. Having passed this plain, we arrived at *Cuesta del Puerto*, and having ascended to the top, we came suddenly in view of the great Pacific Ocean.

The eminence upon which we stood was several hundred feet above the sea, which washed, unseen, the base of the precipice beneath us.

There is something at first sight of the mighty Pacific, which is enchanting: it is mentioned with interest by almost every traveller; in me it seemed to re-create feelings and ideas of times gone by. All the visions of romance of earliest youth were suddenly reflected back, upon perceiving it outstretched before me, in one broad and blue expanse, like a glittering mirror shining in the sun. Not a sail to be seen, nor the foam of a wave, nor aught to shake its "dread tranquillity," its waters lay slumbering as calmly as on the first day of their discovery. I thought of Cusco's Temple of the Sun; of Lima, with its silver gates. The Incas, Pizarros, and Almagros, returned to my mind, half realized, at

this first sight of the ocean, which had been the scene of their exploits.

The policy of Spain kept away from these seas every flag but her own, and their waves had seldom been disturbed, except by Buccaneers, or by men like our own wild and adventurous Drake, whose once formidable name has now dwindled into a by-word, to frighten children. The Chilean and Peruvian mothers on the coast, when trying to hush their babes, cry "*aqui viene Draake**."

Valparaiso Bay is in full view from the top of the Cuesta del Puerto, but the town itself is not visible until you come close upon it, being hidden by steep cliffs at its back. This town is built upon a narrow strip of sand, which is at the base of the mountain; in one part, the ground only admits of one street, which skirts the beach, and has but one row of houses; these have a fine prospect of the beautiful bay. The space of ground,

* Here comes Drake. Sir Francis Drake destroyed almost every town and village on the coast.

called Almendral, however, is considerable, and numerous huts are built upon it, inhabited by the lower class of people. What a different view did Valparaiso present to the stranger in 1817 to what it now affords. Eleven years ago there were only two English residents in the whole port, and now there are about two thousand. Lastra was the governor at that time. The town is protected by two forts, but neither of them of any considerable size or strength. Fort St. Antonio is the most considerable. The bay is broad, but not very safe for shipping; it is open to the north, and when it blows hard from that quarter considerable damage is frequently done; sometimes the water inundates a part of the town.

A large crucifix pointed out the spot where a Spanish frigate had been wrecked, and all on board had perished; this was on the rock close to the beach, and between the town and the Almendral.

At the time I speak of there were only half a dozen merchant ships in the bay, and three of them belonged to New York. His Britannic

Majesty's ship *Amphion*, Commodore Bowles, was here at anchor. I was astonished to find the chief port in Chile on so small a scale. The inhabitants appeared very few, and they were as listless and quiet as in any small fishing village. The Custom House had nothing to do, and I opined that it would be some time before my cargo could be disposed of in a country which seemed throughout so destitute of population. However, I proceeded to land the cargo, and an account was taken by the custom-house officers, of the number of packages; these were not opened, but sent, under seal, to the Custom-House of Santiago. Mules were hired to convey them to their destination, and two hundred and fifty of these animals, with each a couple of packages on his back, were soon seen, in single file, climbing slowly up the zig-zag road, leading to the capital.

The square, at Valparaiso, has the fort on one side, in which the governor has apartments: the market is also held in this square, and is well supplied with meat of all kinds (except veal) and

poultry, game, vegetables, and fruits, in abundance, come from the beautiful valley of *Quilota*, which is considered the richest of any in the whole province. Provisions were very cheap at that time, but since the influx of so many foreigners, the prices have increased in proportion: indeed, wherever the English make their appearance abroad, they seem to possess the peculiarity of raising the price of provisions, as they generally pay what is demanded; yet without exciting that additional respect for liberality which they often appear to aim at.

There were very few families of great respectability who had houses in Valparaiso, when I was in that city.

A ball was given, one night, at the governor Lastra's, to which I was invited, and amongst the guests was Colonel Alvarado. The ladies were not such as would be found in first-rate society in Santiago, but as it would have been impossible to have made up a ball without them, a rather extended invitation had been issued; yet such is the natural grace of these people, that they ac-

quitted themselves extremely well, and looked very like their betters. I remember one of the officers of the *Amphion* frigate, who was there, telling me, that his partner had asked him, after the dance, if he had yet engaged a washer-woman, at the same time offering her own services, should he not be provided with one.

The population of Valparaiso were estimated then at about six thousand, but, at the present day, it has increased to nearly double that number.

The sea-breeze continues during part of the night, till about ten in the morning, when a strong land-breeze sweeps down the hills, and vessels can then go out, with both certainty and safety. The cliffs around the port are high, and in some places almost perpendicular, with a heavy swell and surf foaming below. A number of whales are often seen disporting in the bay, and whitening the waters with their gambols. I have some times seen one of these Leviathans of the deep throw himself half out of the water.

At this period, about twenty-five idlers and seamen, most of them English or North Ame-

ricans, finding their fortunes desperate, purchased an old crazy barge, which was scarcely large enough to contain them all, and in this slender skiff, ventured to run down the coast of Peru, in search of adventures. Their plan was to attempt to cut out some rich Spanish vessel in the intermediate ports, or perish in the attempt. Every body thought this a forlorn hope, and the vessel was named the "Death or Glory." William Mackay, a Scotch mariner, was the chief of this determined band.

They could hardly muster sufficient money to purchase a few stores for their enterprize, and were so closely packed in the boat, that it was impossible for them to move a single step. I was riding on the signal hill, which overlooks Valparaiso, at a height of some hundred feet, when I perceived their barge stealing slowly out of the bay. It was a gloomy afternoon, and the reflection of the clouds, upon the Pacific, gave the ocean a livid blue appearance.

I could not help contemplating the fate of this bold and desperate crew, who thus devoted their

lives to what seemed almost certain destruction. From that moment they appeared cut off from the rest of the world.

“ Nor friends upon the lessening strand
“ Linger’d to wave the unseen hand,
“ Or speak the farewell, heard no more ;—
“ But lone, unheeded, from the bay
“ The vessel takes its mournful way,
“ Like some ill-destin’d bark.”

But lo, the event! One fine morning, about six weeks afterwards, when it was blowing a top-gal-lant breeze, a stately ship, under a cloud of can-vass, came sailing into harbour, and dropped her anchor opposite the fort. When the visit boat went out, the officer, upon boarding her, was surprised to find Mackay and his comrades in possession of the ship. She was a Spanish ship, of four hundred tons burden, called the *Mercurio*. Her cargo was valued at three hundred thousand dollars. She had just arrived from Cadiz, and was the first vessel that had been captured from the Spaniards since the revolution ; she was afterwards purchased by the Chilean government for a transport.

The adventurers in their frail bark had coasted along, aided by the current which constantly sets from south to north, until they came off Arica, where they discovered a large vessel in the harbour, and, waiting until night-fall, they ran quietly alongside, with muffled oars, and boarded her so suddenly, that the watch was taken by surprise, and the crew, after a slight resistance, in which several Spaniards were killed, betook themselves to the boat, or jumped overboard, and swam to shore. The boarders then cut the cable, and running the ship out of the range of the battery, which had opened a heavy fire on the first alarm being given, they soon got safe to sea.

Having despatched my business in Valparaíso, I returned to the capital, to superintend the disposal of the cargo. The duties, at that period, were thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem*, which is regulated by the fiscal and administrador, two of the chief custom-house officers.

Formerly, these gentlemen were sometimes susceptible of being bribed to place a lower valuation on the goods than the market price, but per-

sons of character and integrity have since become more sought after, and, upon one occasion, where a bribe was offered, a merchant nearly lost the whole of a valuable cargo, in consequence of the administrador reporting him to the authorities; and it was with the greatest finesse and difficulty that he saved it, although the exertion was aided by many bribes. My consignee having despatched the cargo at the custom-house, Cholo porters conveyed the whole to our warehouse, which was immediately filled with all the shopkeepers in the town, and the sales commenced. Few of the shopkeepers had ready money to any amount, and most of them were so poor, that it was absolutely necessary to give them credit, from two to four months. A new era was commencing in the trade of Santiago; formerly, a whole cargo was sold off on the instant, by some opulent Spanish merchant paying cash down for it; but the revolution had swept most of these merchants away, and even such as possessed capital, were afraid to come into the market, lest the government should confiscate their

money, on account of their politics; they were, therefore, anxious to conceal their dollars, which they frequently buried in their gardens, or about their houses. My cargo was, consequently, obliged to be disposed of in small lots, according to the means and credit of the shopkeepers, some of whom only took one case, and even wished for a still smaller quantity,—but this was not allowable in a wholesale concern.

In the first week, about one half of the cargo was sold at good prices, but, after that period, nothing could be duller than the sales by small quantities, and it was a whole year before the entire stock was disposed of. During that twelve-month, a number of vessels arrived, direct from England, and, after disposing of the prime of their cargoes, were placed in a similar situation with ourselves; frequently days, and even weeks passed without a purchaser entering the warehouse. The difficulties incident upon business in South America are much greater than people in England usually imagine: for instance, if a bill falls due, should the party not be able to meet it, he has no

hesitation in telling you that he cannot pay; and, should you proceed to the *Cabildo*, or Board of Trade, to compel him to do so, the members of that body are so lenient, that they generally allow the payer his own time. Some of the board are precisely in the same predicament with the party complained of, being themselves shopkeepers, and owing monies, for purchases.

Should you proceed to lay an embargo upon a debtor's warehouse, all persons who can prove any of the goods to have belonged to them, can take them from the premises; consequently, in the event of your own having been disposed of, you get nothing for your pains, unless you find ready money. This system of trade is indispensable, though so full of risks; for should you think to effect all your sales for cash only, a long life would not afford time for the disposal of a large cargo. The lax system of the laws relative to credit, and their usual leaning towards the debtor, places a seller, as it were, at the honour or mercy of the buyer. I have been thus explicit, in consequence of the repeated complaints from

England, relative to the tardy state of remittances from South America, there being a natural suspicion, that it is for the benefit of their agents, to delay the returns, and appropriate the money of their consigners, for a time, to their own private speculations. Instances of this nature *certainly have occurred*, yet I do not believe the practice is general; and houses of character and respectability, that have always shown a most eager desire to forward what monies they had collected in, have unfortunately, when their purchasers have become insolvent, had to share in the different surmises, which are rather unscrupulously dealt out by some manufacturers and shippers, and which have, on several occasions, proved seriously injurious.

Soon after Mackay's return from his successful cruize, I received a letter from my agent in Valparaiso, stating that Mackay was disposed to purchase the Catalina for a privateer, and as she was lying idle in Valparaiso, and no return cargo offering, I went down to that port for the purpose of disposing of her. She was admirably adapted for a marauder, being a remarkably swift sailer, and

pierced for twelve guns. After some difficulty, we arranged for the price of eighteen thousand dollars, at which sum I sold her, for the benefit of her owners, being a clear profit of almost treble her cost in London, a few months before.

The sale of the brig having been duly effected, I got the register cancelled by Commodore Bowles, and gave it to Mr. Warner, to return to London with. The Catalina was then re-christened, and named "La Fortuna," and the formality of delivering her over having been gone through, the English ensign was hauled down, and the New Chilean naval flag hoisted in its stead, under a salute from the privateer. Mackay paid the amount for the Catalina several weeks before it was due.

It was ludicrous to see the sailors, who had accompanied Mackay, most of whom had five thousand dollars each for his own share of the prize. Money was of no value to them, and the doubloons were scattered about Valparaiso with the most reckless prodigality. It was not uncommon for a sailor to purchase, from a Guaso, who

had come from the country, his horse, bridle, and saddle, just as they were, and for which he, of course, gave double the value to the owner in cash. Jack having struck this bargain, would make the former master dismount, and, getting on the horse, would ride the poor creature about the beach at a gallop, until both horse and rider were tired; Jack would then dismount, and turn the animal "adrift," by which means the original owner frequently regained possession of the horse, and rode home upon it, with the money he had received, as its value, still in his pocket.

Our mate and a Scotch carpenter wishing to enter into the patriot privateer service, I obtained for the first the situation of lieutenant, and for the other, that of first prize-master.

Mr. Partridge, the mate, went on the cruise, and continued for some time in the service, but I never learnt what afterwards became of him. The Scotch carpenter's history is clearer; he was seemingly a remarkably religious man, and during our passage would, on a Sunday, sit for hours,

reading his Bible, on the bowsprit, apart from the rest of his less devotional companions. He was, I believe, part owner of a brig in Scotland.

I was surprised, when this man came to me, at Valparaiso, and wished me to procure him a situation on board the *Catalina*, in the event of her being sold for a *privateer*! I told him, that the Spaniards, if they caught him, would hang him at the yard-arm, without the benefit of clergy; but he asked, “D’ye think there’s much siller to be had in these seas?” and upon my assuring him that I believed there was, he exclaimed—“That’s the stuff I coom’d oot for, and I’ll try my luck.” Poor fellow! his luck was none of the best, for, on the first cruize of *La Fortuna*, she captured a brig, north of Lima, and the carpenter was put on board as prize-master; but, in passing near Callao, a Spanish sloop of war re-captured the brig, and carried the crew prisoners into Lima; and the carpenter was two years immured in the dungeon of the fortress of San Felipe.

CHAPTER IX.

*Expedition from Spain. Retreat of O'Higgins.
Junction of the Patriot Forces. Surprise at Can-
charayada. Consternation of the Inhabitants of
Santiago, &c.*

IN the short space of six months, the time I had continued in the country, that liberty, which had been considered so permanently established in Chile, had, owing to a single accident, almost ceased to exist, and the whole of that delightful country was again placed within the iron grasp of the beloved Ferdinand.

An expedition from Spain, amounting to three thousand five hundred men, and composed of veterans who had distinguished themselves in the Peninsular war, arrived in Lima about the latter end of November, 1817, and having augmented their forces by the Peruvian troops in that capital,

they re-embarked for *Talcahuano* in December, under the command of the Spanish General Osorio, whom I have mentioned as having previously been Governor of Santiago. They landed at Talcahuano in January, 1818, and having still further increased their numbers by the garrison of that place, advanced, with an effective force of about six thousand men, upon the capital of Chile. O'Higgins had, some time before, made an unsuccessful attempt to carry Talcahuano by storm, and, in consequence of the heavy loss sustained on that occasion, received orders to retreat, and had, fortunately, commenced his march previous to the arrival of the enemy.

San Martin was encamped at *Las Tablas*, or the high table-land, four leagues from Valparaiso, with a division of four thousand men, but, upon learning the advance of the enemy, he broke up his camp, and marched to join O'Higgins, in the south. These two generals effected the junction of their forces about the latter end of February. Meanwhile, the royalists continued to advance with caution, and crossing the river

Maule, occupied the town of *Talca*, a place of considerable size and importance. On the 13th of March, San Martin moved from his position at San Fernando, and advanced, with his whole force, upon the enemy. His army consisted of nearly ten thousand good regular troops, the cavalry alone amounting to almost two thousand.

The royalist forces scarcely exceeded six thousand men, and they were deficient in cavalry; yet the European infantry had a decided advantage, in discipline and practice, to any in the patriot ranks. General Osorio had proceeded considerably in advance of *Talca*, but, upon ascertaining the actual strength of the patriot army, of which he appeared to have been hitherto ignorant, he retired immediately upon that city. On the 19th of March, the patriots came in sight of *Talca*, and a partial action took place, in which the cavalry only were engaged, and the enemy retreated near the town. The royalist army had drawn up before the city, and, about nine o'clock in the evening, some change of position was taking place among the patriot forces, when

the enemy, favoured by the darkness of the night, surprised them, by a discharge of cannon and musketry. The attack was so sudden and unexpected, that a panic spread itself through the patriot ranks, and the confusion became so great, that it was impossible to present any opposition, so that, after a lapse of about fifteen minutes, this fine army was flying in all directions, and had abandoned every thing in the field ; thus placing the destinies of the country once more in the hands of the Spaniards.

I was in Santiago when this event took place, and it was early on the Friday morning that Montegudo, the advocate-general of the army, passing through the town alone, in his flight towards Mendoza, first communicated the disastrous intelligence ; the consternation it created amongst all classes is impossible for me to describe.

The inhabitants flocked into the great square before the government house, making the most eager inquiries, but there was no intelligence from head-quarters ; however, the numerous fugitive officers and men who came into the town during

the day, all in a state of dispersion, corroborated the news of a complete rout having taken place, and all chance of a stand being lost, as the enemy were in full march upon Santiago. On the Saturday morning, affairs wore a still more gloomy aspect; no intelligence had been received from either San Martin, O'Higgins, or any other chief of distinction, and the conjecture was, that they were either killed or taken prisoners. The strangest reports were in circulation respecting them; some said that they had embarked near Valparaiso, and had gone out to sea; others, that they had crossed the Cordilleras; at length, an *eye-witness* affirmed that he had seen San Martin shoot himself upon the field of battle. In this distressing uncertainty all the patriots of property and political importance began to prepare for flight across the Cordilleras, and, packing up their plate and valuables, they marched towards the mountains. The streets were filled with cargo-mules, and carriages, conveying the emigrants, with their wives and families, from the city. The number that left the town for Mendoza was very

great, and persons holding high situations under government were the first to depart. The contents of the coffers of the public treasury were packed into serons, but as these were not overflowing at the time, a few mules only were required to carry them.

The scenes exhibited in the streets of Santiago became now truly heart-rending : the departure of so great a concourse of people, for a foreign country, perhaps never more to revisit their homes; groups of women, with tears in their eyes, and their hair dishevelled, wringing their hands, and displaying every mark of the most acute distress; the square constantly thronged by people of all ranks, eagerly inquiring the fate of their relations and friends in the army, of whom no satisfactory account could be had,—all formed a scene which the master hand of a painter would scarcely be able to delineate faithfully : and, as the enemy were described to be in full march towards the town, I am certain that had fifty dragoons made their appearance, at this junc-

ture, they would have been sufficient to have captured the place—

“ While throng’d the citizens with terror dumb,
“ Or whispering, with white lips,—the foe! they come!
they come!”

The Spanish party, in the city, did not care to conceal their joy, and more than once I heard a solitary cry of “*Viva el Rey*” in the streets. At length, after a dreadful state of suspense, the long wished-for intelligence arrived from San Martin, written from San Fernando, containing the unexpected and pleasing account, that the right wing of the army, consisting of about three thousand men, commanded by the brave Colonel Las Heras, had remained unbroken during the night attack of Cancharayada; that officer had led it off the field in good order, and San Fernando was the rendezvous of the dispersed and flying. This information Don Luis de la Cruz read publicly in the Plaza; San Martin’s own letter was shown to the people, to convince them of its truth; universal joy was now created, and the hopes of the patriots

began to revive. The active and zealous Manuel Rodrigues took upon himself to join Cruz in the command, and rode about in all directions, haranguing and re-assuring the people.

Rodrigues, upon assuming the government, *pro tem.* endeavoured to prevent the evil of every citizen abandoning his post in the hour of danger, and only seeking an ignominious flight, when the liberty of his country was at stake; he countermanded all the public property to Santiago, and set guards in the passes of the Andes, to prevent its transportation across the mountains. The chief of the patriots, however, had by this time left the city, and were on their way across the Cordilleras. One gentleman burnt his *calesa*, or coach, at the foot of the Andes, that it might not fall into the hands of the royalists, so certain was he that no effective opposition could be made to their entrance into Santiago. A kind of apathy now appeared to reign amongst the inhabitants; and the comparatively deserted state of the streets, and the mournful silence that prevailed, seemed to indicate that the people were anxiously awaiting

their doom; it resembled that stillness in the air which is sometimes the precursor of a thunder storm. Most of the houses were shut up, for the public authorities were hardly sufficient to keep the lower orders in subjection; indeed, several shops had been plundered in open day. It was during this state of things that O'Higgins came into the city, on the Wednesday, accompanied by many of the chief officers, amongst whom were General Quintana and Colonels Necochea, Zapiola, Melian, and Martinez. They all assembled in a private house, belonging to the widow of Mackenna*, and the assembly was mournful enough; the officers had not changed their clothes since the night of the surprize, yet they immediately held a council for the public safety. I was in the room at the time; Manuel Rodrigues spoke with his usual animation, in the highest hope that a successful battle might be fought before the town. O'Higgins, who had been badly wounded

* General Mackenna was killed in a duel, a short time before, by Luis Carrera.

in the arm by a musket ball, was again entrusted with the directorship, and this event was made known by the sound of cannon. On the following afternoon, San Martin arrived, accompanied by Colonel Paroissien and Captain O'Brien, his chief aid-de-camp, which was likewise proclaimed by a salute of artillery in the great square. I was in the palace when the commander-in-chief appeared; he seemed much fatigued, and was covered with dust. He had not taken off his clothes or even his boots for many days; yet, notwithstanding his exhausted state, he was in good spirits. The palace was crowded to excess by the citizens, who thronged to make eager inquiries about him. "Do not despair," said the general, "La Patria still exists, and shall triumph;" these words gave fresh hopes, and the drooping spirits of the independents began to rally.

As the scattered troops had been pouring in for some days, they were collected by the officers, and re-organized in the several barracks, and orders were given to encamp the wreck of the patriot army two leagues from the town. On Sun-

day, the 29th of March, Colonel Las Heras, who had acted with so much coolness and bravery, in checking the enemy on the night of the 19th, marched into the camp at the Molina, with three thousand two hundred men.

All the principal English were, on this day, dining at the house of Mr. John Begg, and, during dinner, Captain Miller *, who had arrived with the division of Las Heras, came in; he was a captain of artillery, and had had the fortune to save the only field-piece of the Buenos Ayres artillery which the patriots brought off the ground. The captain told us, that the late disaster was only owing to a panic which had seized the troops, "but," said he, "they will rally and fight the better to retrieve their glory."

A large column of dust, which was observed to be approaching the town, again threw the inhabitants into consternation, they supposing it to be caused by the enemy's advanced guard, but it proved to be only a large drove of mules, which,

* Now General Miller.

with their patriot proprietors, were retreating from the enemy. It will be here proper to notice the movements of the Spaniards on the night of the 19th, as it will naturally be asked, why they did not profit by the signal success of their nocturnal surprize. They were prevented from so doing by two circumstances: firstly, on that night, two of their columns had advanced in separate divisions, and having commenced the attack upon the patriot troops, were opposed for some minutes by the eighth regiment of Blacks; the night being extremely dark, on this force retreating, the two royalist divisions closed, as they thought, to take their foe in flank, but meeting, and mistaking their own troops for the enemy, commenced a sharp firing upon each other, which continued for some time. This threw them into such confusion, that part of their army was actually in full retreat, and had crossed the river Maule, on the south side of Talca. Secondly, the troops that remained on the field fell to plundering, which allowed Las Heras to lead off his division unbroken.

Notwithstanding the presence of San Martin, O'Higgins, and all the chiefs in the army, as well as the fine discipline of the troops of Las Heras, the circumstance of an army of eleven thousand men having been defeated by a comparatively insignificant force, excited so many doubts as to the likelihood of the patriots finally beating the enemy, that every patriot civilian was more than usually concerned about his future safety.

The English merchants, to the amount of about twenty, had a meeting, to determine what conduct to adopt in this unexpected state of affairs. A few months before, when the general patriotism was at its height, and every one was vying with his neighbour to show his love of liberty and detestation of the troops of the tyrannical invader, the English merchants participated in the general enthusiasm. Upon one occasion, when the government was in want of money to pay the army, they most generously came forward with a donation for that purpose, and each received a letter of thanks for his liberality.

When the Spaniards commenced their march from Talcahuano, all the regular troops had taken the field, and we merchants had it in contemplation to form ourselves into a body of cavalry, for the protection of our property and the tranquillity of the town. A meeting was held to deliberate upon this measure, when it was agreed that a troop should be formed, and a very spirited and patriotic individual was proposed to be elected for our colonel. As far as I remember, however, the discussion was principally relative to what uniform would be the most imposing and becoming. One suggested that it should be something like that of the Black Brunswick Hussars, with the figure of a death's head and cross bones on the cap, but this was over-ruled, as being thought too gloomy. At last, I think, they decided that it should be a scarlet jacket, with yellow pantaloons, and a chako, with a white feather in it. This assembly never met again, for, as the advancing tide of war came rolling on, several discovered that their stomachs were not qualified for the "science military," and

they were contented to remain in that pacific line of life to which it had been decreed they should be called. It, however, now became imperative that something should be done for the general protection. We had nothing to expect from the clemency of Osorio, should he take the capital ; indeed, it had been intimated, that all foreigners who had interfered, either directly or indirectly, in selling arms, ammunition, or warlike vessels, should be shot, and all who were found trading in general, be sent in irons to Callao, and immured in the casemates.

With such a prospect before us, the general vote was for crossing the Andes to Mendoza, as we had no British officer to intercede for us on behalf of our own government. Commodore Bowles had left the station in the preceding February, although he had been requested, by a deputation of his countrymen, to remain until the chances of a battle should be decided. He stated, that affairs of importance demanded his presence in the Brazils, the commodore asserting that there was not the slightest fear of the patriots be-

ing defeated. Indeed, in that opinion he was borne out by every man in the country, for the numbers of the patriot army, and the general enthusiasm of the troops, headed by such a chief as San Martin, caused none of us to consider ourselves in danger from the invaders. However, the turn affairs had taken caused our body in general to look to their own personal safety, and the cry was for the Cordillera. As the property I had taken in charge was to a very large amount, I determined not to abandon it whilst there was any hope of securing it, so I dissented from the general voice, as did, from the same motives, Mr. John J. Barnard and Mr. John Begg. We therefore resolved to remain until the enemy should obtain actual possession of the town.

The departure of our English friends impressed the Chileno patriots with gloomy forebodings: "You may depend," said they, "that it is all over with our cause, for the English would never leave their property, whilst there was the least hope." I was standing in a balcony when my countrymen

passed along the street, with their servants and baggage, all mounted, in a long line,—and out of the street and out of the town they filed, nor did they return until the storm of war was over.

We were solitary enough after the departure of our friends, and as the *rotos*, or mob, were becoming insubordinate, since the troops had all gone to the camp, we began to think of securing our property from their attacks. Accordingly, we proceeded to barricade our doors and windows, and kept the gates in front closed, to prevent a surprise from the *canaille*. We also armed our clerks and servants, and prepared for a siege. I introduced my horses and mules into the drawing-room, which I converted into a stable, to keep them out of sight of the centries on the fort of San Lucia, which stands on a high rock, and overlooks the gardens and courts of the adjacent houses; these valuable animals being so scarce, that the soldiers took all they could lay their hands upon; saying, as they led them away “*por el uso del estado, senor.*”

It was rather amusing to hear the vows and promises which were offered up to the several saints, should the patriot cause prevail, which they were earnestly implored to grant. The owner of the house I resided in, a very opulent and religious lady, came one morning, in her *calesa*, and said, that in the oratory of the house there were a number of church ornaments and images, which she intended to offer to *Neustra Senora de la Carmen*, for the success of the patriot cause. She likewise required some looking-glasses, with silver frames, as a present, for the prayers of a convent; but she left me a large picture of the Virgin Mary, which, she said, would prove a protection to the house, as well as to myself. Accordingly her servants having packed up her martyrs and mirrors, she took her leave, that she might offer them up at the several shrines.

About the second day after our English friends had quitted the town, a Spaniard came to me privately, and said, "if you will make over what property you have in the house to me, and give

me a receipt for a large sum of money, to show Osorio that I have purchased it, I have so much influence with that general, that, on my proving it mine by a document, I shall save it from confiscation. This will benefit both yourself and me, for in a few days you will have no property, as the patriot cause is hopeless. I know it is betrayed by some of its chiefs. I will give you fifteen thousand dollars in doubloons, and a cargo horse, to convey it away, therefore you have an excellent chance of saving a considerable sum of money, as well as your own life; for the Spaniards know that you have sold a privateer, with her guns and ammunition; besides, you have arms now in the house."

I listened with profound attention till he had finished his speech, and then replied, "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," which I explained to him, meant, that I intended to save all or lose all, and would take my own chance for the consequences *.

* The property in the house amounted to upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

He opened his eyes wide at this refusal, and expressed his astonishment at my "*locura* *," in thus rejecting so excellent an offer; but I told him that it was my misfortune to have a mode of thinking, which I fancied was peculiar to me, as I seldom had the happiness to agree with my neighbours, especially when the points were knotty. The don then cast his cloak around him and stalked off, shrugging up his shoulders, and marvelling much at my egregious stupidity.

However, to leave no stone unturned for the salvation of the property, in the event of the Spaniards gaining the day, I made out a fictitious bill of sale, and receipts for money to a large amount, and gave them to an old Spaniard of known and tried probity, Don Antonio Sol, together with the names of those to whom the goods belonged in London, so that should any thing happen to me, by the defeat of the patriots, he might cover the property with his own name, and take an opportunity of remitting its value in mo-

* Folly.

ney, by some British man of war, to the rightful owners in England.

Having thus done every thing in my power for the safety of the property, I began to think what to do for myself, and soon resolved that I would share the fate of the patriot army, and if, by its defeat, my mercantile prospects should vanish "at one fell swoop," then, in the event of escape, I would enter into the republican service.

What the Spaniard had said about there being arms in the house, was true enough, for there were about two thousand cavalry sabres in one of the rooms, and lest the cause might be in the predicament described by my intelligent communicant, and the mob take a fancy to arm themselves, I went to the director, O'Higgins, upon the subject, and requested that he would have the sabres deposited in the arsenal for safety. I said, should the battle be lost, I would not then consider the state responsible, provided that it would be content to keep them if the contest terminated favourably. Having arranged the terms of this novel sale, the director sent his

adjutant, a guard of soldiers, and a baggage wagon, to take away the swords from my premises, on the same afternoon.

The crisis was now fast approaching, as the royalists had advanced towards the plains of Maypo, where the patriots awaited them. Whilst the enemy was at a distance, the officers had received permission to visit the town occasionally, and see their friends, but now the final summons was issued for all of them to take their several stations at the head of their ranks.

Many affecting and mournful farewells took place previous to the officers leaving for the camp, some having wives, and others tender attachments, in Santiago.

“ And flinty is her heart can view
“ To battle march a lover true,—
“ Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
“ Nor own her share of pain.”

But here was no flintiness of heart; the kind, the gentle, the fascinating Chilenas really felt that grief which they unaffectedly expressed. And I must here take leave to contradict the impression

which some travellers have tried to instil into the public mind, relative to the state of morals in Santiago, particularly as regards the fair sex; it is untrue that this town is a demoralized place.

Foreigners, upon first visiting it, are inoculated with that false notion by some of their own countrymen who have just arrived, and know nothing of the better class of society; but I think the most unanswerable argument in favour of the virtue of the female character in Santiago is, that most foreigners of respectability, French and English, have, after a residence for some time, selected a partner for life from amongst *el bello sexo* of the place; and, on no occasion, as far as ever I heard of, has the husband had the least reason to repent his choice. I remember that, on my first arrival, some Englishmen, as ignorant of the matter as I then was myself, told me the same story about the general immorality of Santiago, but I have subsequently seen several of them have reason to change their opinion, and confirm the change, too, by tying the matrimonial knot with some fair daughter of the land.

CHAPTER X.

State of the Patriot Army. Native and Foreign Officers. General Brayher. O'Higgins. Night previous to the Battle. The Battle of Maypo. Total Defeat of the Spanish Army.

THE regiments were now re-organized, and, on the first of April, the patriot force consisted of four thousand seven hundred infantry, and eight hundred cavalry, all in very good plight, considering their recent discomfiture, and as the army had been but lately new clothed, the troops had a fine military appearance. They had lost all their artillery at Cancharayada, but this loss had been replaced, for they had now two immense guns, drawn by oxen, besides a handsome park of artillery.

We used to ride out of an afternoon to see

the camp and our friends in the army, and the silent and gloomy ferocity of the soldiers, particularly the blacks, we construed into a favourable omen for the cause of liberty. Their stern silence plainly indicated that they meant to deal fatally with the enemy; indeed, they had previously declared that they would neither give nor ask quarter.

The chief officers, under the command of San Martin, were Generals Balcarce, Alverado, and Quintana; Colonels Las Heras, the two Escaladas, Martinez, Milian, Nicochea, Zapiola, and Blanco; Captains Lavallo*, Martinez, &c. besides many of inferior note, who had, upon several occasions, distinguished themselves for their bravery; there were also several foreign officers of merit, who had come from Europe to serve the cause of liberty; amongst these were Beauchef, D'Albe, Viel, Brandsom, Frenchmen; and O'Brien, Lowe, and Lebas, Britons. General

* Now General Lavallo, who lately deposed and shot General Dorrego in Buenos Ayres.

Brayher, who had been a distinguished officer in the French service, and was rewarded by Buonaparte with the Legion of Honour, had till now had the command of the patriot cavalry; but, some dispute arising between him and the commander-in-chief, he solicited permission to retire from the army. As such a request, on the eve of battle, was considered rather inopportune, San Martin expressed to him, in no measured terms, his surprise, and after telling him he might go when he liked, concluded by saying—"Senor General V. es un Carraco."

We afterwards met General Brayher, with his aid-de-camp, in the canada, on his road from the army, which he had quitted altogether, and went to the baths of Colina, five leagues from Santiago.

On the 3rd of April, Mr. Barnard and myself visited the patriot camp for the last time. The army had moved from the Molina, close to the farm of the Espejo, about three leagues from Santiago, and there awaited their enemy.

That afternoon, the royalists crossed the river Maypo, and advanced on the plains. We saw,

at a distance, their bright arms gleaming in the setting sun. Small parties of cavalry were sent out from the patriot army to reconnoitre the enemy. During the advance of the Spaniards, which had been very leisurely conducted, Guerilla parties were constantly hovering round their flank and rear, and a number of those troops were now skirmishing at a distance on the plain.

It was nearly dark when Barnard and myself returned to Santiago; we had not gone half a league on the main route, before we met several skirmishers, with one man wounded; they told us that an enemy's party were on the road, consequently, my friend and myself made a detour of about a league, and gained the town by the Valparaiso road. On the 4th, skirmishing continued, otherwise nothing material occurred; and, at night, the royalists took up their position in front of the Espejo de Molina.

It was on that night that I had an opportunity of witnessing the *sang froid* of O'Higgins: it was about nine o'clock,—the night was as dark as Erebus, and the town of Santiago was

under the greatest state of alarm, on account of the proximity of the enemy,—centinels were placed at every corner of the streets, the patrols were doubled, and deep trenches were dug at the “*bocas de calle*,” or entrances of each street leading from the canada and the Valparaiso side of the town.

The patriots were fearful that the Spaniards would again attempt a night attack, and surprise the town. Just at this period of suspense, Major D'Albe* arrived from the army, with intelligence, that a division of the enemy were approaching the town, by the Valparaiso road, and that they would, in all probability, reach it in an hour and a half. There were no troops in the city but militia. I was at the palace when this intelligence reached it, and the director was urged to seek safety in the patriot army; he replied, “No ; I'll die here, and if they find me, it shall be at my post.”

* This was a son of Baron D'Albe, the keeper of the *portefeuille* to Napoleon. He was aid-de-camp to Marshal Soult in the Peninsular war.

For my own part, knowing the militia in the town, mostly shopkeepers, were so valorous, that they would as “lief hear the devil as a drum,” I resolved not to abide the issue of their fighting against regular troops, and, on returning home, ordered my horse to be in readiness, that, on the *entré* of the Spaniards, I might be off to the camp. My horse being saddled and holstered, in the front court, I lay down on the bed, dressed, awaiting the event. The time passed heavily, and rather anxiously, for I expected, every moment, that my ears would be saluted by the opening fire of the invaders.

“*Quen vive*” was reverberated through every street; the centinels challenging the patrols and passengers. “*La Patria!*” “*Gente de Paz!*” were the constant replies, and it would be difficult for persons, who have never been in a similar situation, to conceive my feelings, on being quite alone at night, under such circumstances; my English friends, as well as myself, always sleeping in our respective houses, to protect them from street robbers; it may easily be supposed that I

was sufficiently on the alert. Two hours elapsed in this disagreeable state of uncertainty, and I was still stretched on my bed, awake,—but I had been harassed, both in mind and body, for some days previously, and was quite exhausted, so that, notwithstanding my endeavour to keep my eyes open, I at length fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not awaken till sunrise, when, looking out, I perceived my horse standing quietly near the door, and the town in a state of perfect tranquillity.

It was Sunday morning, the 5th of April, the most delightful time of the year in Chile, not a cloud obscured the bright and everlasting blue of the sky; the birds were singing, and the fragrance of the orange blossoms shed a delightful perfume in the breeze; there was that balmy softness in the air so peculiar to the clime; the church bells were ringing for mass, and a religious feeling crept over the senses, in unison with the sanctity of the day; it seemed like sacrilege that such a holy quiet should be disturbed by the loud din of battle.

Yet such I knew would be the case ;—therefore, having placed a change of linen and a blanket doubled in my cloak, and fastened them to my saddle, I armed myself with a brace of pistols and a sabre, mounted my horse, with only three doubloons* in my pocket, and proceeded to join my countrymen, Barnard and Begg. They were soon accoutred and armed like myself, and we then rode out of the town towards the patriot army†. I really felt something like satisfaction in leaving the town that morning, as a few hours would put an end to the agonizing state of hope and dread which had alternately agitated

* My consignee had gone to Mendoza when the English left the town, and taken with him the contents of the money chest, to save it; and, after his departure, I could sell nothing.

† Major D'Albe's report, the preceding night, was correct, as far as it went. It was afterwards discovered that a division of the Spanish army had lost their way in the night, and had actually been upon the road to Santiago; but, finding out their error, they halted about nine o'clock, and rejoined the main body at day-break.

every one since the disaster at Cancharayada. Indeed, many of the inhabitants of Santiago had partially lost their reason. When we got on the open plain, about a league from the city, we heard the first sound of cannon, at distant intervals, but on reaching the patriot station, we found both armies hotly engaged, and the firing continued in one protracted roar.

The movements, that morning, were as follows:—

As the dawn ushered in the decisive day, “big with the fate” of liberty and Chile, the enemy were discovered marching from the Espejo, and by a flank movement, about to occupy the road to Santiago. Osorio’s intention appears to have been, to place himself between the city and the patriot army, by which he expected to have considerably bettered his position. San Martin immediately put his army into motion, and advanced towards the enemy, in close columns, and, by a rapid march, came upon them in time to frustrate this manœuvre of occupying the main road. Osorio then halted, and took up his posi-

tion on the ridge of the hill, in front of the farm of the Espejo, in the following order :—

Their right was occupied by the Burgos regiment, and their left by that of the Infantes of Don Carlos: the centre was composed of troops drafted in Peru and Concepcion; they were in close columns, flanked by four squadrons of dragoons on the right, and a regiment of lancers on the left. The ground they occupied was the brow of a hill, extending about a mile, and on their extreme left was a little detached mound, upon which they had placed four pieces of cannon and about two hundred men. Their number amounted to upwards of six thousand.

The patriot army was disposed in columns, as follows :—

Their left was commanded by General Alvarado; the centre, by General Balcarce; the right, by Colonel Las Heras; and the reserve, by General Quintana. The action commenced about eleven o'clock; it was opened by the patriot artillery on the right; the cannonading was at intervals upon the advancing left of the royalists; and,

before twelve, the action had become general. As the Infantes of Don Carlos descended the hill, they were met by a very galling fire from the artillery of Colonel Blanco, the effects of which were visible at each discharge, carrying destruction and dismay into their columns. The battle here was well contested, and remained a long time doubtful. Colonel Manuel Escalada, with a squadron of horse grenadiers, charged the small hillock, on which the four pieces of artillery were planted, and carried them; the guns were afterwards turned against their former masters.

On the right, the royalists had the advantage; the heavy and well-directed fire of the Burgos regiment, threw the patriot left wing, which was composed chiefly of blacks, into confusion; and they were at last utterly dispersed, leaving four hundred men dead on the field. It was at this critical moment that the reserve, under Quintana, was ordered up. The Burgos had advanced so precipitately, that they had themselves fallen partially into disorder, and had retreated some distance, in order to form,

when the patriot reserve advanced upon them, under a galling fire, which was served with admirable precision and effect, and with as much regularity as if the troops had been on parade; this was certainly the most doubtful moment of the action, and so it was considered by Quintana, who, being reinforced by a squadron of cavalry of the *grenaderos a Cavallo*, gave the word to charge.

The shock was tremendous, the firing almost instantly ceased, and the two parties crossed bayonets. The repeated shouts of "*Viva el Rey!*" "*Viva la Patria!*" showed that every inch of ground was desperately contested, but from the smoke and dust, we hardly knew which side was victorious. At length, the royal "*slogan*" died away, and the advance of the patriots, with loud cheers of "*Viva la Libertad!*" proclaimed the day their own.

When the Burgos perceived their line broken, they gave up all idea of further resistance, and fled in every direction, though principally towards the *Espejo de Molina*. They were pur-

sued by the cavalry, and cut to pieces without mercy. [Indeed, this virtue had been banished from the breasts of both parties. The carnage, was very great, and I was told by some officers who had served in Europe, that they never witnessed any thing more bloody than occurred in this part of the field.]

About the same time that the charge succeeded against the right wing of the enemy, Colonel Las Heras had overthrown their left, which likewise retreated to the Espejo. In the centre, the action was kept up with great determination, until, perceiving both their wings beaten, the Spaniards gave way, and the rout became general, all retreating, in full speed, towards the Espejo.

This farm has three court yards, and is surrounded by thick mud walls, capable of affording protection to two thousand men; and it is a matter of surprise that the royalists did not make good this position, as its defence was very practicable, and would have spared them many lives, and perhaps have enabled them to capitulate

upon honourable terms; however, all order being lost, they only thought of saving themselves.

The patriots, commanded by Las Heras, advanced along the *callejon*, or lane, leading to the farm-house, and, upon their reaching it, the royalists held out a white flag from the window above the gateway, and demanded a capitulation, which was agreed to, when the gates were immediately blown open by a cannon loaded with grape, and fired from the inside of the court-yard. The patriots, of course, no longer gave any quarter, but instantly charged into the yard, and were received by a severe fire of musquetry from the doors, windows, and every loop-hole of the house. This, however, lasted only a short time, for the patriots poured in in great numbers, and quickly dislodged their enemy.

The royalists now made no further resistance, the word was, "*sauve qui peut*," and they scrambled out of the farm as fast as possible, but were pursued and butchered by their merciless foe. There is a large vineyard behind the farm-house, through which many of the royalists fled; but, at

the lowest computation, five hundred men perished in the farm and vineyard.

The beautiful farm of the Espejo presented a dreadful picture after the action, its doors and windows perforated with musket balls; its corridors, walls, and floors, clotted and sprinkled with brains and blood; and the whole place, within and without, covered with dead bodies. The house was quite filled with the baggage of the Spanish army, and the plunder was immense. Many soldiers enriched themselves during the action, and it is a lamentable fact, that several officers were more attentive to their pockets than to the fate of the day; some instances of rapacity occurred, which it is now needless to mention; but the general conduct of both officers and men was admirable; they fought desperately and enthusiastically, "with hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands for Freedom's blow."

Part of the regiment of Burgos had retired to an eminence, where the patriot cavalry could not act; these capitulated, and were made prisoners.

At that period of the action, when the Burgos

regiment was defeated, Mr. Barnard and myself (who had established ourselves on General San Martin's staff,) were riding close to that general, when Captain O'Brien returned from the charge, and announced the victory. The general then requested us to go in search of Colonel Paroissein, chief surgeon of the forces, whom he desired to see immediately; accordingly, we took several directions in the field, and met at a mill, half a mile from the rear of the army, where we found the colonel at his duty.

This mill had been converted into a temporary hospital during the action, and its front yard was filled with the wounded, chiefly blacks, who had been brought from the field. The chief surgeon was in the act of amputating the leg of an officer, which had been shattered by a musket ball, and his hands were covered with blood. Upon delivering the general's order, the colonel (having completed the amputation,) wrote a despatch to O'Higgins, in Santiago, and requested me to take it, and also to inform the director, that waggons and carts were wanted, to convey the wounded to the hospitals in the city.

The scrap of paper upon which this despatch was written, was picked up from the floor, and was spotted with blood. I quitted the mill, rode towards the city, and in a short time arrived at the canada, a large suburb upon the Valparaiso road. The town was almost depopulated that day, from the inhabitants, of both sexes and of every degree, having stationed themselves in this suburb, where they were waiting, in the most breathless state of anxiety, to learn—

“ How the sounding battle goes,
“ If for them or for their foes ;
“ If they must mourn, or may rejoice.”

On my entrance into the canada, I announced the victory with a loud cry of “ *Viva la Patria!*” and displayed the bloody billet I was bearing to the director. Scarcely had the words been uttered, when a responsive shout from the multitude made the whole welkin ring, and the rush of people towards me, to ascertain further particulars, almost suffocated me with heat and dust. One old gentleman, on horseback, in the raptures of

his patriotism, threw his arms around me, and nearly stifled me by the fervour of his embrace, from which I disengaged myself, by a manœuvre which he must have *felt* to have been any thing but sympathetic.

Upon extricating myself from this group, I passed along the canada: the bells rang out a joyous peal, and acclamations of "*Viva la Patria!*" "*Viva San Martin!*" "*Viva la Libertad!*" resounded through the air; but, upon my nearer approach to the city, the crowd became more dense, and I struck into a retired street at the skirts of the town; after scrambling over a wide and newly-dug trench, followed by several horsemen, I galloped, by a circuitous direction, to the palace. I found the gates thronged with *canaille*, and amongst them was my own servant, to whom I gave my horse, and, pushing through the crowd with some difficulty, I made good my entrance into the audience chamber.

Here I was surprised to learn that the director had gone to the field. He had been so severely wounded on the night of the 19th, that the phy-

sicians had given as their opinion, that it might prove fatal should he attempt the fatigue of active service. Accordingly, he had remained in the city, with a few militia, tolerably quiet, during the early part of the morning; but no sooner did the distant cannonading reach his ear, than his impetuous valour overcame every other consideration, and, placing himself at the head of the militia, he sallied out of the town, to take his share in the fray. I found Colonel Fuenticilla acting in his stead, to whom I gave the despatch, and delivered my mission.

On leaving the palace, I proceeded to the house of Dr. Gana, whose family had been always distinguished for their patriotism, and they would doubtless have been severely treated by the tyrant Osorio. The mother, and three of her beautiful daughters, were in the greatest state of alarm, for four of the sons were that day fighting in the patriot army. Upon my assuring the ladies that "*La Patria*" had obtained a complete victory, they shed tears of joy, but not unalloyed; for the fate of the sons and brothers was then un-

known*. I received their "*abrazos*" with a very different feeling to that with which I had encountered the bearish hug bestowed upon me in the canada.

I then walked to my own house, to ascertain the state of affairs in that quarter.

My clerk, who was a Spaniard, was at dinner with several of his friends; they had heard a different account of the battle, and appeared quite satisfied with the event. At first I favoured the idea, and told them that their countrymen had won, and they were elated with joy; I then told them that their countrymen had lost, and the scene was from sunshine to a shower. After a hasty dinner, I mounted a fresh horse, in order to return to the scene of action. All the church bells in the town were ringing a *jubilate*, and the priests were discharging fire-works from the steeples. This is a South American practice on festival days, and the item of gunpowder is not the least in the list of church expenses.

* Don Juan Gana, the youngest son, a lieutenant, was killed.

I overtook many people who were proceeding to the scene of action, some to look after friends and relations, some from curiosity, and others who, perhaps, would not have wished their views to be made public.

There were several priests on horseback. One portly friar, of the order of San Dominic, in full dress, with his rosary, beads, and scalloped hat, and with his bombazeen gown tucked up to his hips, was riding at a gallop.

On asking him what could induce a man of his meek profession to visit a scene of carnage, he said, that he was a very good patriot, as well as "*un buen Cristiano*," and that he was going to congratulate the generals, and to shrive those who were mortally wounded. I left him on the ground, to put in practice his latter pious intention.

Although scarcely two hours had elapsed since the action, the guasos of the country, (who had all the time been hovering about on horseback, just beyond range of shot,) were engaged in stripping the bodies of the dying and the dead; indeed, many of the latter were already naked,

and the natives were riding off with their spoils. I saw one man coming away with considerable plunder, amongst the rest, about a dozen of muskets, across the pommel of his saddle; and I have reason to know that many a poor wounded wretch, especially if a Spaniard, did not get fair play during this unhallowed pillaging; numbers were returned killed, who would have survived well enough, had they been left to "time and mortal custom."

I stopped to look at a dead body, which I mistook for that of my friend Captain Sowersby, but it proved to be a Spanish officer of the Burgos regiment; his forehead was pierced by a musket-ball, and close to his side was lying a small pamphlet, which I dismounted to take; this and a large red Spanish cockade that I found loose on the ground, were the only trophies I took from that memorable field.

I next rode to the Callejon de Espejo, where, at the bottom of the hillock, were assembled San Martin and his chief officers. At this moment O'Higgins came up, and the meeting between

him and San Martin was very interesting. Both generals embraced, on horseback, and congratulated each other upon the fortune of the day.

The troops were bringing in the royalist officers and soldiers who had been taken prisoners; amongst the former were Generals Ordonnez, Primo Rivaro, Morgado, &c. Nothing could exceed the savage fury of the Black soldiers in the patriot army; they had borne the brunt of the action against the finest Spanish regiment, and had lost the principal part of their forces; they were delighted with the idea of shooting their prisoners. I saw an old Negro actually crying with rage when he perceived the officers protected from his fury.

Two lines of horsemen were formed, and between them the prisoners were marched off the ground. My friends, Begg and Barnard, and myself, were put into requisition on the occasion. This precaution was to keep off the soldiers, and prevent them from sacrificing their captives. As I rode slowly along, a Spanish officer, who was on foot by my side, was so fatigued that he could

hardly walk, and he requested me to take him up behind, which I was about to do, but was prevented by Colonel Paroissien, who said it would only expose both our lives, as the Blacks would be sure to fire at him. We marched along till we got near to the mill, when a guard took the prisoners in charge; and we returned to Santiago long after sunset.

Besides the native officers who have already been mentioned in my report of the battle, several foreign officers highly distinguished themselves; amongst them were O'Brien, Sowersby, Viel, Beauchef, D'Albe, Lowe, and Lebas. Colonel Manuel Escalada was despatched to Buenos Ayres on the evening of the battle, with the news of the victory; and he performed the journey across the Cordilleras and Pampas, in the short space of ten days. We also sent a courier to recal our English friends from near the top of the Andes, where they had been bivouacking for upwards of a week.

General Osorio, the commander in chief of the royalist army, fled from the field about one

o'clock, in the afternoon, accompanied by about one hundred guards; he took the road to Valparaiso, and passed over the Cuesta de Prado about three o'clock. The active Captain O'Brien selected thirty horse grenadiers, and went in close pursuit of him; being informed that the fugitives had taken the road to the port, he thought it probable that he was gone to San Antonio, for the purpose of getting on board a vessel cruizing off that point; accordingly the captain took a short cut, by the Cuesta Vieja, and posted towards Valparaiso. Osorio, after crossing the Cuesta Nueva, had actually remained at the huts at the foot of the hill, for a considerable time, to refresh: he then struck into the defiles of the mountains, and proceeded to the river Maule, which he reached near its source. On the third day after the action, he proposed to his followers, as the heat of the pursuit was abated, to halt and refresh themselves and horses; this was done, and, whilst his companions were asleep, the general selected about a dozen of his guards, and choosing the best horses, swam the river, and sliely stole

away, leaving the rest of his companions to shift for themselves. On discovering this treacherous proceeding of the chief, the officer next in command delivered himself up to the nearest patriot force, and he and the rest of his companions were conveyed prisoners of war to Talca.

It has been ascertained that, out of the fine Spanish army of six thousand men who took the field at Maypo, not above two hundred ever returned to Talcahuano,—the rest were either killed or made prisoners; it was, therefore, almost impossible for a victory to have been more complete.

Thus terminated the ever-memorable battle of Maypo, which for magnitude in numbers and importance in its results, far exceeded any action ever fought on the western side of the Andes. The carnage, considering the number of combatants engaged, was immense; out of twelve thousand men, three thousand five hundred were put *hors de combat*.

By this victory the cause of independence was so firmly established that it subsequently led to

the overthrow of the Spanish power in South America; for if the action had been decided in favour of the royalists, it is a question whether Peru as well as Chile would not have remained under the crown of Spain to this day.

The battle of Maypo paved the way for the battle of Ayacucho, which was victoriously fought by the independents in Peru, on the 9th December, 1824, against double their numbers, and which wrested from Spain the last portion of all her once vast dominion in the Americas.

CHAPTER XI.

Major Arcos. Captain Biddle. Execution of Juan, Jozé, and Luis Carrera. Assassination of Rodrigues. Rejoicings in Chile. Sea Fight. Chilean Navy. Blanco and Callow.

DURING the reign of Terror, the period between the 19th of March and the 5th of April, 1818, the port of Valparaiso was thrown into a similar state of consternation to that which prevailed in the capital. Major Arcos*, who was in the patriot army, had brought the news, and had taken refuge on board the United States sloop of war Ontario, Captain Biddle, which was the only vessel of war in the harbour. The governor, Calderon, claimed Arcos as a deserter, and he was delivered up and sent into Santiago as a prisoner,

* Arcos was a Spaniard in the French interest during the Peninsular war, and served on the staff of Marshal Jourdan at the battle of Vittoria.

in consequence of having stated that the patriot cause was lost. A Spanish squadron was blockading the port at the time, and it would have been impossible for the English vessels in the harbour to have escaped, had they attempted to run out. The Wyndham, East Indiaman, was in the port, lately from England. Captain Biddle was applied to by his own countrymen, and by the English, to protect their vessels and persons, as the Spaniards were expected every moment in force to take the town. Under this emergency Captain Biddle acted in a manner highly honourable to his feelings as a man and an officer: he expressed his determination, should the Spaniards take possession of Valparaiso, to lead out the whole convoy, and, if necessary, to defend it against both the forts and the Spanish squadron in the offing. This conduct of Captain Biddle has been frequently adverted to in terms of admiration and gratitude by several of my countrymen who were in Valparaiso at the time.—The Ontario only mounted twenty-four carro-nades, but the Wyndham was also armed and

manned from the several ships in the harbour. Affairs were in this state at Valparaíso when the news of the victory at Maypo reached there, which was communicated by a salute from all the batteries.

On the 8th of April, three days after the battle of Maypo, and before the event was known in Mendoza, two of the brothers Carrera, Juan José and Luis, who had some time previously been taken prisoners, on their road to Chile, and had ever since remained in confinement, were condemned to death and were shot. Monteagudo, whom it may be remembered had passed through Santiago two days after the panic at Cancharayada, and had fled across the mountains to Mendoza, officiated as chief judge on their trial. The offence for which they suffered was that of having endeavoured to subvert the existing authorities in Chile, from which city they had been banished.

It is impossible not to sympathize, in some measure, with these ill-fated brothers, their strong affection for their native country being no doubt one of the greatest incentives to their attempt;

and as they had been condemned to perpetual exile, they were probably rendered desperate by such severity; at all events this might be pleaded in extenuation of their treason, if such it could be termed. Many thought their sentence too severe, and Monteagudo was blamed; his character certainly did not lean to "sweet Mercy's" side. They walked from the prison, arm in arm, and, having embraced, met their fate with great fortitude.

The Carreras were connected with the first families, and their party in Chile was very considerable.

The sensation their death occasioned had scarcely subsided, when another event occurred, which, from its horrible nature, excited the astonishment and execration of all the better part of society in Chile. The powerful partizan, Don Manuel Rodrigues—who had so greatly distinguished himself during the most trying and critical state of things in Santiago, by taking upon himself the government, *ad interim*, and who, by his promptness and energy had reassured the

trembling patriots, and had fought most gallantly on the plains of Maypo,—was, a few days after that event, placed under secret arrest. The charge against him, likewise, was that of an intention to overthrow the government of O'Higgins, but as he had no trial, no proofs were ever adduced. Be that as it may, he was sentenced to banishment from Chile, and an allowance was settled upon him for his maintenance abroad. A vessel was lying in Valparaiso bound for Calcutta, whither it was agreed to send him, and he was conveyed out of Santiago at night, under a strong escort, commanded by a man named Navarro, formerly a captain in the royal army, but then a Spanish renegade.

On the second night, when they had nearly reached Mellipilla, and were passing along a dreary and retired part of the road, Rodriguez met his death by the hand of this man, who shot him through the head with a pistol-ball. This event caused the most lively demonstrations of grief throughout Chile, and many were the suspicions on the subject; nor did the authorities escape open censure.

I saw Navarro afterwards at Mendoza, and was told, (for I never spoke to him,) that he said his orders were from several persons high in authority, to despatch Rodrigues in the manner described; but I cannot avouch for the correctness of this assertion. Those parties, I know, have since repelled the charge with indignation, but the matter will always be attended with some suspicion, from the deed having been committed at midnight, and attended with much mystery. I do not believe that two of the higher parties accused would have been guilty of sanctioning so cool and deliberate an assassination, if we may judge from the known clemency of their character upon other occasions. They say that Rodrigues was endeavouring to effect his escape at the time the guard fired at him, and such might probably be the case, as his bold and independent spirit would naturally have prompted him to regain his liberty, especially as he had been secretly carried off. It was a lamentable affair, and is spoken of with horror in Chile to this very day.

I knew Manuel Rodrigues well, his sentiments were those of an ardent and virtuous free man. He contributed, by his partizan warfare, to harass and distract the Spanish forces during San Martin's expected invasion of Chile, and was one of that general's most zealous co-operators and correspondents. His activity eluded all the attempts made to take him, when a heavy price had been set on his head by the Spanish government, and he frequently surprised and defeated detachments of his enemies in the most signal manner. By forced marches, ambuscades, false intelligence, &c. he so bewildered the intendant Don Marco del Pont, that the patriot cause was deeply indebted to him for its ultimate success.

He was, perhaps, the most popular man in Chile, but he differed on some points with the leaders of the government, which led to his melancholy end. Rodrigues was thirty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, extremely active and well made; his countenance was expressive and agreeable. He was originally a barrister, and, in addition to his military accomplish-

ments, was a fluent speaker, and his oratory was at once both energetic and persuasive.

Notwithstanding the gloom which these two events had spread among the friends of the several parties, the joy at the termination of the royal power in Chile, by the late decisive victory, was unbounded. Public assemblies, balls, dinners, and fêtes, continued in one unceasing round for many weeks afterwards. The feasting may be said to have commenced on the night of the day of the action; for so confidently did the Spanish party anticipate the success of their countrymen, that a number of suppers had been prepared for the royal conquerors, which were consumed by very unwelcome but very patriotic guests. Some of the citizens also gave grand entertainments to the director and chief officers. I remember being at one dinner and dance, given by Don Felipe Solar, which surpassed any thing of the kind that had ever been seen in Chile; all his magnificent house and spacious gardens were thrown open, and beautifully illuminated; the effect of the variegated lamps in the gardens, among pomegra-

nate, orange, and citron trees, was quite like fairy land. The director and all the chief officers were present, and all the families of distinction. A grand military band played martial airs between the intervals of the dance; there was a profusion of every refreshment, and a supper. At the dawn of day, the company went into the great square, and had a Spanish contredance, by way of a finale.

There were illuminations and fire-works in the great square twice, besides on the Sundays. The fire-works were very superior to our's, and their effect, in a Chile night, is brilliant in the extreme. No illumination can be finer than that of a Spanish town in South America, the streets being so regular, and each of the houses having a silk party-coloured flag; with sometimes festoons of silk across the streets, from the tops of the houses; these, with a profusion of lamps, in pretty devices and figures, upon the white-washed walls, give the streets the appearance of a well-lighted gallery.

Five days after the battle of Maypo, the vic-

torious San Martin left Santiago for Buenos Ayres, where he was received as a deliverer, with triumphal arches and every demonstration of excessive congratulation. There was a succession of dinners and fêtes, and the British merchants outdid all that had hitherto been done, by the very magnificent ball and supper which they gave upon the occasion.

The general's object in visiting Buenos Ayres was to concert measures with government for bringing the war to a speedy termination, by acting in concert with the armies destined to invade Peru by land, whilst San Martin made a descent upon the coast.

The Wyndham East Indiaman, formerly owned by Captain Joseph Andrews, was sold by him to the Chile government, and was fitted out at Valparaiso as a frigate: she was named the Lautaro, manned by about four hundred English, North American, and Chileno seamen, and, with this motley crew, proceeded to sea, under the command of Captain O'Brien, who had been a lieutenant in the British navy. In the

offing of the port they fell in with the Spanish frigate the *Venganza*, and the brig of war *Pezuela*; O'Brien immediately laid his ship on board the former, and jumped on her decks, followed by about thirty men, the Spaniards fled from their quarters, and saved themselves by running up the rigging, or skulking below, thus leaving the *Venganza* completely in the possession of the patriots; but at this critical moment the two ships separated, and the Spaniards, perceiving how few men had got on board, commenced a sharp firing from below, and O'Brien was shot through the heart by a musket-ball.

The *Lautaro* joined again for a few moments, which enabled the rest of the crew to return, but falling off a second time, both the *Venganza* and *Pezuela* crowded all sail, and made their escape.

The engagement had been seen from the heights of Valparaiso, and a despatch was forwarded to Santiago, with the glorious news of the capture of the Spanish frigate.

Great rejoicings were taking place, and an illumination was ordered, when a correct account of

the affair arrived, which speedily put a stop to the festivities.

The navy of Chile, which was at this period in its infancy, shortly after received a reinforcement by the arrival of the Cumberland East Indiaman, which had been contracted for by the Chile minister, Irizarri. She was a very fine ship, of one thousand two hundred tons, and had a good battery; she was rechristened the San Martin, and was commanded by Captain Wilkinson. Mr. Higginson, a North American, was appointed commodore, on account of his naval skill; but as he was upwards of sixty years of age, he soon resigned the command, and it devolved upon Colonel Blanco Cicerone Encalada, who had formerly been a midshipman in the Spanish navy. Such was the scarcity of nautical talent in the new republic at this time, that it was necessary to have an officer of the army to conduct the squadron.

When O'Higgins commenced his retreat from before Talcahuano, the patriot inhabitants of the town of Conception, dreading the cruelties of the

royalists, retired with the army, abandoning their houses and estates; numbers of persons of considerable wealth, in their own province, were thus reduced to a state of great distress. Many of the small houses in the suburbs of Santiago were occupied by these emigrants, numbers of whom owed their existence to the charity of the inhabitants. I must here record a trait of an Englishman, Mr. William Bowers, a lieutenant in the navy, who was then in Santiago; he had come out as master of a merchant vessel. About fourteen years before, Bowers, when a boy, had been captured in a whaler, by the Spaniards, off Lima, and was sent, with the crew, to the dungeons of San Felipe, where many of them died through severe treatment and hard fare. After the lapse of two years, young Bowers contrived to make his escape, in a most extraordinary manner, and sought refuge on board a merchant vessel, which carried him to Talcahuano; he was here sheltered and protected by a family named Sorano, and supplied with means to carry him to his native country.

This family were now among the refugees, and were greatly distressed in circumstances. Mr. Bowers accidentally heard of this, and immediately proceeded to his former friends, supplied them with money, contrived to keep them in very comfortable quarters, during their stay in Santiago, and I have heard him say, that in being thus enabled to evince his gratitude had given him more pleasure than any other event of his life.

Foreign merchant ships now began to arrive in considerable numbers, from England and the United States, and two vessels came direct from Calcutta, laden with manufactured goods and colonial produce; prices fell in proportion, and the markets were quite glutted with every description of goods and wares, but the duties were not sufficient for the exigencies of the state. Foreigners arrived in great numbers, and Valparaiso already began to look like an English port.

The society at Santiago was extremely gay, and was considerably enlivened by our naval officers, who received permission to visit Santiago,

and were always treated by the fair Chilenas with great hospitality and attention; a constant round of tertulias and parties ensued, whenever they came in any number. They introduced quadrilles into the drawing rooms, and this dance is now a great favorite with the Chilenas. Captain Shirreff of the *Andromache* frigate was on this station at this time.

The Chilenas seldom give dinner parties, nor is there that domestic neatness and comfort in their houses which some people consider a *sine qua non*. A mild climate renders their houses always pleasant enough as to temperament, except during a few months in the winter, when charcoal fires are brought into the rooms in silver or copper braseras. Glass is very seldom used for windows, except in some of the very best houses. The walls of their rooms are usually painted, on whitewash or stucco, but some are papered.

Their furniture is very seldom good; common wooden English and North American chairs and tables are usually used, and only a portion of the

sitting room is carpeted, so that bare bricks are visible in other parts.

The inhabitants are fond of pastoral excursions, and frequently proceed to some hacienda, or country house, in the neighbourhood, to pass the whole day in the amusements of music and dancing; sometimes the English were invited to join the parties, and they appeared to enter into the full spirit of these *fêtes-champetre*. On a Sunday, it was customary for us to proceed about a league from the city, and amuse ourselves by horse-racing, in which diversion the natives frequently joined us, as well as our officers of the navy.

A number of aspirants after military fame came from Europe about this time. Besides those mentioned, in the preceding chapters, were Colonels Charles, two brothers O'Connel, Hill, Gravat, Grannen, and Sowersby: the latter was in the battle of Maypo; he was a Prussian by birth, but his mother was English; he had been in the French army, had witnessed the burning of Moscow, and was taken prisoner in the retreat from

Russia; he was considered a fine cavalry officer. Colonel Charles had been with Sir Robert Wilson, and the allied sovereigns in Germany, during the campaign of 1813. He was present at the battles of Dresden and Leipsic, and was a very excellent engineer officer.

I may here remark that the foreign officers who assisted the patriot cause, were generally young men of high character and spirit, most of whom had been in the army in Europe. They praised highly the valour and steadiness of the Chilean troops; indeed nothing can be further from truth than the opinion that has prevailed in Europe relative to the undisciplined and half wild state of the South American armies. The privates are extremely well clothed in a blue uniform, with red facings, and blue, grey, or white duck pantaloons; and, on parade days, I have seen regiments turn out which would not have disgraced either the Thuilleries or Hyde Park. Promotion is not so rapid as might be imagined, and foreign officers, unless of extraordinary merit, have as much difficulty in getting

forward as in their own country. The Spanish system of tactics is followed.

In detailing matters of fact I am careful not to "extenuate, or set down aught in malice," and in conformity with this principle shall now relate a circumstance which took place at Valparaiso, in the month of September, 1818, when business called me to that city, so that I witnessed the whole transaction. I was staying at the house of Mr. John Callow, an Englishman, who kept a sort of ship-chandler's-store. Callow was a man who had, from a humble station in life, acquired, by his own industry, a little property, and rented one of the handsomest houses in Valparaiso, where he carried on his business: he had resided there for some time, with his wife, an Englishwoman, and, as there was no decent tavern in the place, they always accommodated me with board and lodging during my temporary sojourn at this port.

At the period I refer to, Colonel Blanco, whom I before mentioned as having distinguished himself at the battle of Maypo, had obtained pro-

motion and was come down to Valparaiso, as commandant of the Chile Marine Department: his own residence there not being suitable to his wishes, he took a fancy to Callow's house, which stood on the beach, and had a view of the beautiful bay.

One morning, early, before I was up, my host entered my apartment, in great trepidation, with a most lengthened visage, and said that he had just received orders, from the commandant, to pack up, bag and baggage, and evacuate the premises within twenty-four hours; and he asked me what he should do? I advised him to refuse to obey this most arbitrary mandate; and upon my promising him, if matters should be carried to extremities, I would cause the case to be represented to the Supreme Director in Santiago, he screwed his courage to the sticking place, and resolved not to give up his citadel,—at all events not till he could procure another residence suitable to his trade. An answer to this effect was sent to the commandant, who replied that unless the house should be cleared by four o'clock the

next day, he would send an armed force to expel its inmates, *vi et armis*.

Nothing further took place that day, but, on the following, Mr. and Mrs. Callow and myself dined at three; and scarcely had the cloth been removed, and "the King" drank in a bumper, when, as we were quietly seated cracking our nuts, and discoursing about the liberty of Old England, in marched a file of mustacheod musketeers, headed by a Mulatto serjeant, who, *sans ceremonie*, caused the person of my worthy host to disappear in the custody of two of his myrmidons. On thus suddenly parting company with her consort, Mrs. Callow uttered a most piercing scream, which made the ceiling ring again. Even the dusky serjeant was moved, and told me that he was sorry, but his orders compelled him to take possession of the premises and eject the inhabitants; the commandant, however, had sent word to me that I might retain my room in the house during my stay in Valparaiso; I therefore placed some valuable property, belonging to my host, in my apartment, for security, and, locking

the door, I left the house, leading my disconsolate hostess through the streets of Valparaiso, weeping like one of Zion's desolate daughters, and conveyed her to the house of my friend, Mr. Bunster, to whose lady's soothing care I consigned her, and then marched up to the Fort to learn what had become of her spouse. A black centinel presented his bayonet at the gate, with the magical words of—"El Ingles esta incomunicado," which turned me on my heel.

On descending the hill I perceived our summary commandant walking on the beach, in company with his aid-de-camp, Major Dias. I approached the two chieftains and requested to be informed what crime a countryman of mine had committed that he was thus immured in prison and debarred the liberty of speech. Colonel Blanco said, with some warmth, that Callow had rebelled against the authorities, by refusing to leave his house when ordered; that if my King wanted a house in England, he could have it immediately; and that he was the chief magistrate in Valparaiso and must be obeyed. I replied that his

Majesty, whose subject I had the honour to be, had never dislodged his faithful lieges in such a hasty manner, that he always gave due notice to quit, according to law; and that, frequently, previous to taking possession, he had to satisfy the rapacity of an obstinate vassal, by giving him fourfold the value of his property. I appealed to Major Dias, who had been in England, to attest the truth of my statement, which that gentleman did immediately. I then received permission to visit Callow, and returned to the Fort.

I found my worthy host in the guard-room, with his legs in double irons, in company with two dingy deserters. He was quite dejected at being thus snatched from the blessings of "sweet home," and the tender sympathies of a kind and affectionate wife. I cheered him up; told him that he would be considered a martyr in the glorious cause of Liberty and of Englishmen's rights: spoke of Hampden and Sidney, (names by the bye which he appeared to hear of for the first time,) and of the amazing things the first English commander would do to redress

his wrongs. Having re-assured him, I left the Fort, and drew up a remonstrance against such harsh measures being used to our countrymen, which I got signed by all the respectable English, both in Valparaiso and Santiago.

Callow was liberated the same evening, but his goods and chattels were sent packing, which caused him a considerable loss of property, besides seriously injuring his business.

Captain Shirreff, of his Majesty's ship *Andromache*, came shortly after on the station, and the case was reported to him; but, notwithstanding that active and intelligent officer's repeated applications to the Chile government upon this subject, he was only enabled to obtain for Callow the sum of four hundred dollars, for all the losses and privations which he had endured, and that sum was afterwards paid to him in Chile government paper, then at a discount of thirty-five per cent. So terminated this curious affair.

CHAPTER XII.

Capture of the Spanish Frigate, Maria Isabel, and Transports. Lord and Lady Cochrane. Theatre in Santiago. Nunnery. Peruvian Indian. A Friar. Religious Rites. Departure from Santiago to Mendoza. Journey across the Pampas, and Arrival in Buenos Ayres. Embarkation for Rio de Janeiro, and Arrival in England.

SHORTLY after Blanco's arrival at Valparaiso the Chile squadron put to sea, for the purpose of intercepting a Spanish expedition which was expected round Cape Horn. The vessels consisted of the San Martin, 56 guns; the Chacabuco, 20, and the Aruncano, 16: Captains Wilkinson, Worcester, Dias, and Morris; Commodore Blanco having his flag in the San Martin. The squadron sailed for Talcahuano, and had the fortune to meet with the Spanish frigate Maria Isabel, which had brought the convoy from Spain. The San Martin ran alongside, and gave her a broadside

which caused the Spaniards to abandon the vessel, and she was taken possession of, but, having grounded, it was with great difficulty that the prize was secured and taken out of the port. Seven transports, which came in successively, all with troops on board, were captured off the port of Talcahuano, and thus the object of Spain's last expedition to Peru was completely frustrated. Too much credit cannot be given to the government of O'Higgins at this period in fitting out his squadron; considering the many heterogeneous materials of which it was formed it is surprising how well every thing harmonized. There were English, North American, and native officers and men, in every ship, yet they always acted without the slightest confusion. Great rejoicings took place in Chile upon learning the fate of the Spanish expedition, and the seasonable possession of so many transports was hailed as providential. The navy also received an additional force in the *Galvanno*, belonging to Captain Guise, which that officer brought out from England manned and armed.

In November, Lord and Lady Cochrane arrived in the *Rose*, Captain Illingsworth; his lordship had been invited by Irizarri, when in England, to take the command of the Chilean navy.

He came up to the capital of Santiago, and after some discussion, for there was a party against a foreign admiral, San Martin settled the affair by insisting upon his lordship's being placed in command.

When Lady Cochrane first arrived at Santiago she was in the zenith of her beauty, and the impression she made upon the inhabitants was very great. There had hitherto prevailed in Chile, a belief that the English women were far from good looking, and indeed from the specimens they had seen, it is not to be wondered at; for their knowledge of our countrywomen extended only to Mrs. Black, the tailor's wife, and Mrs. Walker, who kept an hotel, (neither of whom were among the most favoured of Eve's daughters, at least as far as regards appearance,) and occasionally seeing the wife of the master of a merchantman; consequently they could have but a faint idea of the

beauty and elegance of the British fair. They were now undeceived, and *que hermosa! que linda!* was always applied when speaking of her ladyship. She, however, gave some offence to the Cabildo, who were paying their visits in form, as she expressed a dislike to the smoke of cigars, which those gentlemen think a component part of themselves, and are seldom without them in their mouths.

A temporary theatre was erected in Santiago; representations took place for eighteen nights, the principal performers being European Spaniards who were taken prisoners at Maypo. The whole arrangement was very good, and although the house was constructed of wood with beams strengthened and fastened together by ropes of hides, yet the place was strong and commodious. The costume of the actors was preserved much better than could have been expected, and some of them were even costly. The behaviour of the audience was always very quiet and orderly, but smoking cigars was allowed between the acts; though this was of very little consequence, for the

only roof to the house was the spangled vault of heaven, than which nothing could be better in so benign a climate, where the skies are cloudless and the moon clear and bright. The only inconvenience in this theatre was a number of soldiers, with their large caps and shouldered muskets, standing apart like ninepins in different parts of the pit, to preserve order and spoil the view of the stage.

Much has been said about the great influence of the clergy, in South America, amongst all classes of the people; but, as a proof that they are not held in such very great reverence, I shall make an extract from my common-place book, written on the 29th June, 1818, when the piece alluded to was represented in Santiago.

The plot is very simple, and I dare say founded on fact. A priest, who is confessor to a lady, falls desperately in love with her, and she returns his passion. The husband knocks at the door whilst they are in conference; the priest hides himself until she contrives some excuse to send the husband out again; however, as he would

soon return, she dresses up the priest, in the interim, like the image of a saint, and makes him stand on the table. On the husband's return, he discovers his wife kneeling to the image, and is delighted with her piety. The image, as he thinks, representing a saint of a very superior order, he also asks a boon of it, upon which the priest tells him to have a procession and take him to his convent. The man runs out and returns shortly after with his neighbours, for the purpose of carrying the image in procession: they sing and perform all the rites requisite for the occasion, when the alcalde of the district, attracted by the noise, enters and discovers the imposture: he immediately exposes the priest, who, by way of recompense, gets a sound cudgelling from the mob. Such is the outline of a piece that I actually saw represented after a grand procession-day.

I shall now give a specimen of a Spanish farce, which I also witnessed. A sportsman appears in quest of game, with a lady, supposed to be his wife. They each kill a bird, and very naturally

sit down together to prepare for a meal; she has the diligence to pluck the birds, and he goes out for a time. A wild Indian appears who wishes to gain the lady's good graces; he is *doing the amiable* in as civilized a way as possible, when the husband returns and immediately shoots the gallant, upon which exit the lady. The sportsman, not knowing what to do with the body, at length places it in an upright and fantastical position and goes away. The dean then enters, and, observing that the Indian does not pay him any respect, gives him a kick which causes the body to fall. The priest thinks he has killed the savage, but he reconciles himself by saying that he supposes he is gone to the devil, as he was not a Christian; upon this, the curtain falls and so ends this precious morceau. At the same theatre I likewise saw represented Shakspeare's Othello, "done into Spanish," with nothing resembling the original except Othello's black face, and the smothering of Desdemona.

There are three nunneries in Santiago, the largest is that of Las Catalinas; here the nuns

are visible once a year, through a grating on one side of the church: at Holy Eve they assemble to sing before this grating, and a friend of mine wished me to accompany him to witness the ceremony; accordingly we proceeded to the church of Las Catalinas. On my way thither I made many sage reflections on the utility of these institutions, mixed with some regret that so many of the young, the innocent, and the lovely, should be condemned to be

“Lost in a convent’s solitary gloom,”

Instead of remaining in the world to become the grace and ornament of society. I pondered upon how many had been compelled to take the veil by the caprice of cruel parents, and had become “crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.” Perchance, thought I, there may be one with all the talent and beauty of an Eloisa, doomed to waste her future years in rigid vigil, prayer, and fast.

It was in this train of thought that I entered the church and approached the grating, when my fancy received a sudden check, and my commis-

seration for the fate of the ladies gradually subsided: there were about forty faces,—but such faces! They had the appearance of withered pine-apples! Most of them were old women, and I did not see, in the whole assemblage, one in whose behalf I could feel disposed either to scale a wall or break a bolt.

At length the singing commenced; it was such wild and discordant screaming, that it vibrated through every nerve. Though no great connoisseur in music, yet I have some little taste for it, so taking up my hat I walked out of the church, with a firm resolution never, for the future, to go to a nunnery in quest of the sublime and beautiful.

In my frequent journeys to Valparaiso, I had sometimes to put up at the village of Curacavi, half way between that port and the capital, where an Indian kept a sort of inn; he was an aboriginal of Peru, who used to boast that he had some of the blood of the Incas in his veins; he was of a very studious character, and, besides the Quichua language, could read and write both Latin and Spanish. Though nearly

eighty years of age, he had married a young Creole woman, by whom he had two very handsome daughters. He was fond of talking about history, but his favourite topic was the wars in Palestine; and he once asked me if I had ever seen the sword with which Richard Cœur de Lion slew the Pagans; upon my answering in the affirmative, and assuring him of its extreme length, he said he should like to go to England to see it. He never realized his wish, for one morning he was found dead in his chair, with his spectacles on his nose, a cigar in his mouth, and a Latin Bible in his hand.

At the village of Renca, about a league and a half from Santiago, there resided a stout, robust, bullet-headed man, who was capellan, or curate, of the village; he was a very jovial companion, and, contrary to the tenets of his profession, was a man of most pugnacious habits; for, upon several occasions, when the patriot cause had been in danger, he had thrown off his surplice, and put himself at the head of a guerilla party; he had even distinguished himself at the battle of Maypo.

I used to like the society of this good-humoured priest, and sometimes rode over and dined with him. Fasting was not his forte, for he would eat meat in Lent, and his drink was not of the brook; his conversation was more inclined to feats of broil and battle than to any thing connected with his own peaceable calling. He frequently lamented that the Roman Catholic clergy were not allowed the privilege of marrying. "How unnatural," he would exclaim, "to condemn a strong hearty man like me to perpetual celibacy; I have found nothing in the Old or New Testament to warrant such a law, and I think it must be a mistake," adding "in *that particular* I like your religion the best;" a fact of which I felt perfectly persuaded in my own mind, for it was rumoured about the village, that there were several children in the parish who bore something more than an accidental resemblance to my holy friend. He reminded me of Robin Hood's Friar Tuck, both in his appearance and in his notions of the good things of this life, and I one day gave him the history of that redoubtable personage;

he was highly entertained, and laughed heartily at the comparison. He was tolerably well read, had seen a good deal of the world, and his flock respected him much; for he always conducted himself before them with suitable gravity.

The carnival in Santiago was attended with the usual confusion, frolic, and fun which characterize that religious diversion in Roman Catholic countries. One day, during Lent, my friend, the Capellan, invited me to come and witness a ceremony which was to take place in his diocese. About two hundred females, of all ranks, had been confined, for nine days, in the church, doing penance the whole time—this is what is called *exercicio*. From constant prayer, singing, and fasting, they were excited to such a state of enthusiasm, that they certainly presented the most extraordinary sight I ever witnessed. Several of my English friends were with me, and as we stood near the church we could hear the screams and the sobs of the women long before the doors were thrown open; but the instant this took place, the whole congregation rushed out

with their hair streaming over their shoulders, some crying and clasping or wringing their hands, and others shrieking piteously; in fact they were in such a state of frenzy that it was deplorable to behold them. Their friends were waiting at the doors, and seized them as they came out, in order to carry them home: some were placed in caleses, some on horseback, and others were led walking to the villages; in this manner, in the course of half an hour, these singular devotees were all dispersed, and under the protection of their friends.

On the same afternoon, in the same village, about fifty men, with only sheets round their loins, were walking in the Plaza, scourging themselves till the blood streamed down their backs very copiously: some of them were walking with irons on their legs, and groaning as they inflicted the stripes upon themselves. The implement they used was something like a boatswain's cat, but some had spikes at the end of the lash; there was a large image of the Virgin Mary standing in the Plaza, which they approached and prayed before. This penance is in commemoration of

our Saviour's sufferings on his way to Mount Calvary.

I could not help expressing my disgust to the Capellan at such an exhibition, and his reply was, "Pooh, pooh; they are most of them terrible rascals, and deserve hanging for their crimes." As he had had so recently the handling of their consciences I made no further remark; nor would I have related the two foregoing facts from mere hearsay, or without "the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes."

Having sold all my cargo and remitted the proceeds to the owners in England, and having received nothing but two letters from my strenuous supporters, although I had been in Chile upwards of a year and a half, one morning, when I was in the suds (for I was shaving,) I said to myself I will arise and return to my native country, and see what friends are living and who are dead. Accordingly, on the next day, I engaged a well known guide, called Morales, a man extremely well versed in the ways, not of the world, but of the Cordilleras and the Pampas;

and, on the first of June, 1819, I was again on the top of the Andes, amongst the condors and guanacos.

The guanaco is generally classed under the head of South American sheep, but I think it more like a camel; it is an animal that has memory and affection, as I shall give an anecdote to prove.

I sent a pair of these animals as a present to a friend of mine, who has an estate in Surrey. The male died on the passage, but the female arrived safe at the London Docks. I bought them of an Indian market-woman, when they were only a few months old.

Whilst they were in my possession, she came to see them once a week, and they always showed great joy when she spoke to them, and would leap about and endeavour to get near her. Arrived in England, the female after some time took a fancy to one of my friend's carriage horses, and when he was turned out to grass, she would not allow any one to approach her favourite. When the carriage drove down the sweep she

would accompany her friend, and proceed bounding down the drive by his side, and became highly indignant when the lodge gate was closed against her. After committing a variety of freaks, such as knocking down the groom, alarming a child, and, on more than one occasion, entering the kitchen and frightening the cook from her *spit*, my friend voted "Miss Fanny" unmanageable and returned her to me, and I placed her under the tuition of Mr. Cross, head master of the academy for wild beasts at Exeter Change.

On the fourth day from my departure from Chile I arrived at Mendoza.

General San Martin had been residing there for several months; he had attempted to cross the Pampas to Buenos Ayres, but was nearly falling into the hands of José Miguel Carrera*, who was

* José Miguel Carrera, in revenge for the death of his brothers, raised a body of Montoneros in the Pampas, where he carried on a desolating war with fire and sword, for several years; on one occasion he took the city of Buenos Ayres: he was at last defeated

scouring the Pampas with a band of desperadoes ; consequently, he was compelled to return to Mendoza. There was a number of political intrigues about this time, both in Chile and Buenos Ayres, and San Martin had become so disgusted at the want of co-operation which he experienced, that he had resigned all command, and had appeared in Mendoza in citizen clothes. He was then lying dangerously ill in that city.

Previous to my departure from Santiago, I had received two letters from high military and civil officers, who were San Martin's friends, with an injunction to deliver them into San Martin's own hands; or, in the event of finding him dead, to destroy them.

Upon reaching Mendoza I went to his house, and taken prisoner, near Mendoza, and was executed in the great square of that city on the very spot where his two younger brothers had met their fate five years before. When their friends came into power in Chile, in 1827, they caused the bodies of all three to be disinterred and carried to Santiago, where they were buried with military honours.

and, upon informing General Quintana my business, I was ushered into the general's room.

I found the hero of Maypo stretched upon a sick bed, and looking so wan and emaciated that, but for the lustre of his eyes, I should hardly have recognized him: he received me with a faint smile, and stretched out his hand to welcome me. Upon delivering my letters he was raised on his bed to read them; the contents appeared to give him great pleasure, and he handed them to General Quintana, who, after reading them, gave a nod of approbation: and I was requested to call again before I left Mendoza.

Shortly after this period, General San Martin received the command of the army in Chile, and organized the invasion of Peru: he was then in the 44th year of his age. He is a native of the interior; his father was governor of a province in South America, and San Martin, when young, was sent to Spain to be educated. He entered the Spanish army and served under Lord Wellington's orders in Spain, and was in the Burgos regiment at Baylen when the French army capitu-

lated under General Dupont; he was aid-de-camp to the Marquis Solano, and narrowly escaped being massacred by the mob, when that nobleman was killed by them in Cadiz.

On the close of the peninsular war he returned to Buenos Ayres, and married a lady of that city; he organized a regiment of cavalry, and distinguished himself by great personal bravery in an action with some Spanish troops at San Lorenzo. He subsequently became governor of Mendoza, and was there when the patriot army was beat out of Chile, which country he afterwards invaded, as has been described in a preceding chapter.

I was sorry to learn that, a short time before, a severe domestic affliction had marred the happiness of my estimable friend, Don Manuel Balenzuela. It appears that he had reason to suspect his wife's fidelity, and that she had an intrigue with an officer; by a stratagem he succeeded in tracing him to his wife's bed-chamber, and, being armed, he instantly burst into the room: the first pistol, which he levelled at his

wife, missed fire, but the paramour here interposed, and receiving the contents of the second pistol in his breast, he instantly fell. The lady fled out of the house. Don Manuel was taken that night before the police, but, on the case being stated, he was discharged*.

Pursuant to promise, I called upon San Martin, and received from him a letter to his lady in Buenos Ayres, and to several of his friends; I then took my leave of the general.

On the fourth day after my arrival, Morales and myself hired horses and I once more bade adieu to sweet Mendoza; the hire of a horse from

* It was six years after this event that I again saw Don Manuel, at Mendoza: his daughter had grown up an interesting young woman, and did the honours of her father's table with peculiar grace. Her mother was in a convent where she had remained since the affair just mentioned. Don Manuel died the following year, and on his death-bed sent for his wife to forgive her: this he perhaps did that he might depart in peace, or probably to prevent any squabbles about the family property. He died in 1828.

this place to the Punta de San Luis, is one real per league, but from thence to Buenos Ayres, it is only half that rate. I shall, for the benefit of the traveller, give a brief outline of this journey as I find it written in my note book.

The first stage of the road is sandy, and in some places very stony. We arrived at the Alo de Corna, five leagues; we were scarcely detained a minute, and proceeded to the Retama which is a beautiful little hamlet. Here my luggage was searched by the custom-house officers; after which we went on to the Arroya de Chacon, nine leagues further; this stage we reached at nine o'clock, thus completing twenty-one leagues since two o'clock in the afternoon. We started again at day-break, and proceeded six leagues to the Catitas before breakfast; this post is a miserable cabin; from thence to the Dormida, six leagues; nine to Corocorte; nine to Corral de Cuero, and eleven to the Desaguadero. The whole of these stages the horses were excellent, and I travelled this day forty-one leagues. We proceeded with a number of led horses to pass the

Travasia, and arrived at the Punta de San Luis about dark.

At the Punta I found Monteagudo and Don Manuel Sarratea, who had been banished thither. Some months previous a dreadful massacre had taken place here, of all the chief officers who had been taken prisoners at the battle of Maypo; amongst whom were General Ordonnez, Primo, Rivero, Morgado, &c. to the number of twenty-two in the whole, who had fallen either by the inhabitants, or had been subsequently shot.—The governor, Dupuis, asserted that these Spanish gentlemen had attempted his life, the tocsin was sounded, and an alarm given that the prisoners were attempting to rise, upon which the inhabitants rushed out of their houses and killed all the unfortunate Spaniards that came in their way. A few who had concealed themselves were denounced the next day, and Monteagudo was appointed their judge; he condemned them to death and they were shot. I took coffee, on the evening of my arrival, with Monteagudo, and he accompanied me home to the post-house for the

purpose of obtaining "Ossian's Poems," in English, which I had offered him to beguile his exile. On our way, he gave me the history of this massacre, and told me that six of the principal officers had gone armed into the governor's house to assassinate him, but owing to Dupuis's dexterity, and his obtaining timely assistance, they were themselves killed: he said that all the Spaniards had been in the plot to kill Dupuis, himself, and others, and to take possession of San Luis; consequently he had condemned them to death. We were then walking across the Plaza by moonlight, and, pointing to a corner, he said, "That is the spot upon which I had the Godos despatched."

Monteagudo was a man of superior talents: he had travelled in Europe, and been in England; he wrote and spoke French and English fluently. When San Martin was Protector of Peru, he became minister of war, in Lima, and was shortly after killed in the streets of that city, by a hired bravo, who stabbed him to the heart with a carving knife. Monteagudo was a native of Salta.

On the following morning, at four o'clock, I

started from San Luis, for Rio Quinto, twelve leagues distant; from thence proceeded to the Moro, twelve; thence to Portozuelo, seven; thence to Achiras, five, where we slept. At this place, I saw a Gaucho dance; the dancers were dressed in their holiday clothes, and displayed great agility and natural grace, considering that they had never seen Noblet. They are a cheerful people; the young women all play on the guitar, and accompany it with songs, many of which are love ditties, but I cannot say much for their execution; I will however translate, verbatim, the words of one of the songs, which was set to a plaintive air: "Come, my love, and let me gaze on those large dark eyes; so beauteous, so beaming, and bright, that they only make a mock of me; yet I am slain by their rays."—I also heard the last lament of a dying swain, who nevertheless expired to a more cheerful air, something like—

"Oh, Sally Brown; oh, Sally Brown!

"How could you use me so?"

Notwithstanding the melodies of these Pampa

Syrens they did not find a Telemachus in me, for, on the following morning, I was on horseback at day-break, on the road to the Barranquita, five leagues distant—there the country ceases to be hilly; from Barranquita we proceeded to the Alo de Vuelle, four leagues more, thence to Tambo; thence to Corral de Barrancas, three, and reached Santa Barbara that evening. The night was most disagreeable, but we managed to get a supper of chupe of fowl and eggs.

We arose before daybreak, and arrived at La Punta del Agua, a distance of five leagues, by sunrise. Six leagues further brought us to the Canada de Lucas, where the roads are generally bad from the quantity of water, and they were particularly so at that time, from the heavy rains. To Cabral the distance is six leagues, and to the Esquina de Medrano eight more—this last stage was extremely disagreeable, and, as the rain poured, we arrived dripping wet at the Esquina, close to the Herradura, where the Buenos Ayres troops and the Montoneros had recently had an action; the latter were defeated by Colonel Bus-

tos. The next morning we took post-horses, for which the landlord made us pay double, owing, he stated, to the hardness of the times, and journeyed onwards to the Tres Cruces, four leagues distant; thence we proceeded to Fraile Muerto, and thence to Sanjon. Here we found that, in consequence of the depredations committed by the Montoneros in this territory, the postmasters were almost without horses, and passengers were subject to great impositions, as the postmasters took advantage of this circumstance to let out their hired horses at their own price. An Englishman whom I met here, on the road to Chile, assured me that they had obliged him to pay seventy-two dollars extra for a distance of a few leagues. I therefore agreed with two Gauchos, one the brother to the postmaster, to take me from Las Tres Cruces to Areco, a distance of forty-five leagues, for forty dollars, which was about ten more than the regular price. They accordingly procured about thirty horses for my baggage, my servant, and myself, and we set off from Fraile Muerto about six o'clock in the afternoon. After

journeying a few hours, we were forced to bivouac in the open field, our guides stating that it would be impossible to get any grass for the horses if we proceeded further. At this time of the year (June) the nights in the Pampas are bitterly cold. We did not unpack the luggage, and I slept in my poncho at the top of the almafres, and awoke in the morning almost frozen.

Fraile Muerto is a village of considerable size, composed of a few huts and cabins huddled together, without order or arrangement, and it had just been the theatre of war between the Buenos Ayres troops and the Monteneros of Santa Fe and Artigas. General Belgrano had sent forward Colonel Bustos with a battalion of six hundred men, to take possession of Fraile Muerto, which that officer accomplished; but the Montoneros and some troops of Artigas having formed a junction, besieged the place for several weeks, with the intention of starving out the garrison. Colonel Bustos barricadoed all the streets with carts and waggons, fastened together, and maintained his troops constantly under cover; he was, how-

ever, becoming short of provisions, when General Belgrano advanced to his relief, with his whole army. On the general's approach, the Montoneros attempted to carry Fraile Muerto by storm; they attacked it with about three thousand men, but were defeated with a loss of between three and four hundred men, whilst the loss of the Buenos Ayreans amounted to only twenty-three. Several houses had been perforated with cannon-balls, and the one I put up at had been an object of attack.

We had scarcely rode two leagues, in the morning, when we fell in with General Belgrano's whole force, of about three thousand, advancing into the interior. The soldiers were in miserable plight, many barefoot and in rags, and as the morning air was rather nipping, they passed shivering along like living spectres. The general had not yet mounted his horse, but was at the post-house, and he invited me to partake of his breakfast. He was very affable, particularly after learning that I was an Englishman; for he had himself travelled in Europe and been in

England, and he requested me to make his remembrance to Mr. Hullett, of Sydenham Grove, which I take this first, though late opportunity of doing. I recounted to him the news from Chile, and informed him that Lord Cochrane had gone to Payta in quest of the Spanish squadron, and that, during his absence, Admiral Blanco had raised the blockade of Lima and returned to Valparaiso. This information appeared to surprise him, and he expressed himself at a loss to account for that admiral's conduct on this occasion; however, he said to me, in English,—“What can you expect from us; we must commit blunders, for we are the sons of Spaniards, and no better than they are.” Colonel Bustos, who was also seated at the breakfast table with us, appeared to be an intelligent man.

Belgrano was born in Buenos Ayres, and bore the reputation of being a very accomplished scholar, but he was not a successful general. He was at this time unable, through weakness, to mount his horse without assistance, and he did not seem capable of the exertion necessary for a Pampas

war. His person was large and heavy, but he had a fine Italian countenance.

The general informed me that the reason of his army being so distressed for clothing was the detention of the supplies from Buenos Ayres, as the government was afraid lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. A truce had been concluded between the contending parties, for eight days, until an answer to some proposals should arrive from Buenos Ayres. He asked me my route, and advised me to go by the Indian territory, but I told him of my arrangement with the Gauchos; "Well," said he, "they are a wild set, but perhaps my name may serve you," and wrote me a passport lest I should fall in with the Buenos Ayres Guerilla: he would not, however, send letters to Buenos Ayres for fear of their being intercepted by the enemy.

The Pampas, at this time, was in a state of great destitution, owing to the civil wars between Buenos Ayres and Sante Fé and the Banda Oriental: the couriers were cut off, the horses carried away, and every species of devastation com-

mitted, so that I was advised not to attempt the journey; but, having come so far, I resolved to run every risk, and get to Buenos Ayres if possible. Accordingly, as soon as my servant and guides were ready, we once more proceeded on our route and arrived at the Saladillo; a river of considerable depth though not very broad; whilst swimming across it, one of the guides was nearly swept off his horse by the rapidity of the current; we, however, reached the post of Lovaton in safety, here we put up for the night, and, on the following morning, before daybreak, we again journeyed onwards.

About two leagues from Cruz Alta, we perceived a group of above twenty-five horsemen galloping towards us, and on their nearer approach ascertained that they were armed Gauchos. On coming up, they instantly arrested and summoned us to give an account of ourselves to their "Jefe," whose head quarters were about half a league from the high road; thither we accordingly proceeded and found their chief on horseback. He was a Montonero, and his appearance was far

from prepossessing; I knew that several of my countrymen had been at times taken and detained in the interior for years, owing to some party broils of the Pampas; consequently I did not feel very sure of regaining my liberty. This chief, who was a tall robust man with a savage countenance, and with long black hair hanging in great profusion about his shoulders, wore a *Madras* handkerchief on his head and a large slouched hat of *Vicuna* wool; he also wore a poncho, but his pantaloons were of fine blue cloth, and he had a dress sword, both of which articles had lately been plundered from a convoy. He interrogated me in an austere sharp tone of voice, as to what I was, my business in the Pampas, whence I came, and whither I was proceeding; I replied that I was a "Comerciante Ingles," that I was travelling with my servant from Chile, that the posts being destitute of horses I had hired two guides to conduct me through the country, and that I was going to "Londres," and should be proud to be the bearer of any communication in that quarter. He appeared highly pleased with

the compliment, and asked for my passport; I gave him one I had received in Chile, which he looked at with apparent attention, (holding it, however, upside down,) and seemed quite satisfied: he folded it up, and returned it to me, saying, "Corriente amigo, vaye v con Dios," upon which I touched my hat, and immediately rode off.

Although I had maintained a perfect composure in the presence of the brigand chief, yet I question whether I ever felt better pleased than when he and his banditti were two leagues in the rear of us, and, lest he should change his mind and my route at the same time, we quickened our pace and pushed on some extra leagues in advance that evening.

Next day we proceeded through a country still more inundated; the horses, in some places, were, for leagues, fetlock deep in water, and where the water had subsided the roads were very heavy, so that, whilst I was riding along, my horse slipped and fell on his side, throwing me with great violence, and, as I had my pistol-belt on, I fell upon one of my pistols, and received a se-

vere contusion on my side. I was unable to remount my horse, and was carried to a neighbouring hut. There are no surgeons or medical men in the Pampas, and my servant, Morales, officiated as the leech; the only remedy was rubbing my side with brandy; yet here, in a miserable hut, with a pouring rain coming through the roof, which made it necessary several times to remove my bed in order to obtain a dry corner, did I receive that hospitality and kindness from a Gaucho family, which I could not fail to contrast with the far different treatment I once had experienced when I fell ill in a civilized land.

On the next day I was able to mount my horse, but rode in pain all the rest of the journey. That evening we came to the point agreed upon with the guides, and I paid them, with something extra for the accidental detention. We then hired post-horses, in the regular way, and passed along to Ao. de Pavon; Arroyo del Medio; Romallo; Puentezuelas; Arrecife; Chacre de Ayala; Ao. de Lopes, &c; to the village of Luxan; and from thence to Puente de Marques.

We did not reach the latter place till it was sunset, and could therefore get no horses to go on to Buenos Ayres that night.

At this post I met a young French officer who told me he had just come from Europe to enter the patriot service, and was going to join the army of Belgrano. We supped together upon a roasted armadillo, which has the flavour of a young sucking pig.

The next day, Sunday, the 20th June, 1819, I arrived in Buenos Ayres, and put up at Los tres Reyes tavern. My servant, Morales, during our journey, had asked me occasional questions about the Old World, and now offered to accompany me to "Londres," in the capacity of coachman, but I told him that, previous to leaving England, I had laid down my carriage, and I did not intend to set it up on my return, though should I change my mind, I would send for him; this answer satisfied him and we parted.

Having remained for two months in Buenos Ayres, in consequence of some business, and having during that interval received a letter from

England which induced me to visit the Brazils, my friend, Captain T. Gordon Falcon, of his Majesty's ship Tyne, kindly offered me a passage to Rio Janeiro, and I embarked on board that ship on the third day of September, which was the second anniversary of my first arrival in Buenos Ayres.

The Tyne proceeded to Monte Video, where she was detained for a week by contrary winds, which gave me an opportunity of seeing this city. It is interesting on account of the gallant manner in which it was taken by our troops, in 1807, as well as for its own beauty. It stands upon a hill, which is crowned by the church, and is extremely well fortified. Indeed to those ignorant of military affairs, it must appear surprising how any men could have carried the assault on the point that it was effected by the British troops. The Portuguese had possession of Montevideo at the time I speak of, and General Lecor occupied it with about four thousand men; the Spanish families were much reduced on this account, and I was told the town was completely in a state of

decay; for very little commerce was carried on, in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs in the Banda Oriental. Artigas was then at war with the Portuguese, as well as with the Buenos Ayreans.

I could not help lamenting that this beautifully built city had not been retained by England, when she had possession of it, as it would have proved so valuable as the key of the River Plate, and it was a matter of surprise that it was delivered up at the capitulation of Buenos Ayres; there is even a story current, that when the articles of that capitulation were framing, upon the surrender of Montevideo being inserted, some person observed, "Do you think the English such fools as to give up Montevideo?" when another replied, "We shall lose nothing by asking." The clause was accordingly inserted, and the condition subsequently acceded to.

On the twentieth day after its departure from Buenos Ayres, the Tyne arrived at Rio, after a very favorable voyage, during which I re-

ceived every attention from Captain Falcon and the officers on board. I shall not give a description of the metropolis of the Brazils, so many accounts having already appeared, but will only remark that any one who has leisure might find it worth while to take a sail across the Atlantic, merely to see its magnificent bay.

In two days I had finished my business in Rio, and I therefore once more embarked for England on board a merchant brig, the *Lascelles*, the cabin of which was perfumed with tar and bilge water, and her cargo of cotton contributed to keep the vessel delightfully warm whilst between the tropics. Of this voyage I shall only say that I was half starved, for the fresh stock was consumed in ten days, and nothing remained but bad biscuit and rusty pork; some Port wine of my own and biscuit served me for provision for upwards of fifty days; at length, on the third of December, 1819, I arrived in the Downs *alive*, that same day landed at Deal, and at the Three Kings renewed my acquaintance with the “roast beef of Old

England." After dinner I established myself in the royal mail for town, and early on the following morning was awakened from a sound nap, by the guard, when I found myself opposite his Majesty's Post Office, in Lombard Street.

CHAPTER XIII.

Voyage to Buenos Ayres and round Cape Horn to Valparaiso. Improvements in Chile. The Baths of Cauquenes. Passage in the Owen Glendower to England.

AFTER remaining in England about six months, I determined to proceed on another voyage to the New World, and chartered the brig Enterprize, which was loaded with goods consigned to myself, and I embarked on the 10th August, 1820, at Gravesend for Chile. It would be needless repetition to enumerate the delights of sailing a long voyage in a "short craft," as every one who has had that pleasure will not easily forget it. An ignorant captain, and more vulgar mate, who sit down to dinner in their shirt sleeves; peas soup and fat slices of pork, with biscuit that has twice had the benefit of the oven; the table talk of "the officers," which is generally

upon such interesting subjects as the *tremenduous* weather they once had when close on a lee-shore off the coast of *Portingale*, or the risk they had run upon a dark night, when it was blowing a hurricane, of being lost in “the gulph stream,” by getting on “Diana’s Reef, in the West *Ingies*,” no awning in the Tropics, “the ship’s husband” not having allowed her any extra “*muslin*,” greasy decks, which you walk upon at the hazard of your limbs; or, if you seat yourself on the companion, having your legs attacked by the peckings of half-starved fowls; a hot cabin, and your bed unmade, owing to the steward having “got the helm;”—these are some of the *agrémens* to be met with on the “dark blue sea*,” however, as it is absolutely necessary to cross the ocean in a ship, let my readers conclude all these things

* As the aforesaid sea phrases may not be comprehended by some of my readers, I shall explain, in plain English, that these merchant brigs are sometimes badly provided with the proper sails and stores, are very dirty, both above and below deck, and, in short, every thing is most ingeniously uncomfortable.

to have been endured with the most unshaken philosophy, and then suppose me again at anchor in the outer roads off Buenos Ayres.

Shortly after my arrival, I received a note from my friend Judge Prevost, the minister from the United States, wishing for a passage round Cape Horn, in the brig, and stating that he was then in the inner roadstead, on board of an American vessel, where he had only a few days before been banished from Buenos Ayres. I was happy to receive this gentleman on board, and immediately sent a boat for him. It appeared that he was banished from the capital of La Plata, owing to a facetious custom he had, during the time of the intestine divisions which had prevailed in that city for some months previously, of every morning opening his window and inquiring of the first passenger—"Quen manda hoy?" Who governs to-day? A question by no means superfluous in a place where a governor usually remained in office for a few days only. However, one of these gentlemen, more sensitive than the rest, having heard of the judge's peculiarity, sent for him, and

told him he must quit the territory in four hours; and, as he could not proceed to Chile by land, for fear of falling in with Jose Miguel Carrera and his band of Montoneros, he sought an asylum on board a vessel belonging to his own country. I would not allow the captain to land with his papers at Buenos Ayres, lest I should have to pay transit duty on the cargo, therefore, after going ashore to reconnoitre, and finding the place still much agitated by parties, I re-embarked the following day and directed the vessel to Valparaiso.

A few weeks previous to my arrival, there had been a battle in the streets of Buenos Ayres, between the Colorados and the townsmen, which had terminated in the death of about three hundred, in the Plaza and streets adjoining.

On the evening of my embarkation we got under weigh, and proceeded down the river to put to sea by the South Channel; at night we came to anchor off Point Indio, and here, while there was only a river-watch kept, four of our best hands thought proper to abscond with the cap-

tain's "private gig," and to go on shore without leave. The same night, a heavy pampero blew so hard that it became necessary to run out to sea; accordingly all hands, including the judge and myself, having assisted to heave away the anchor, we were soon blown out of the river, and the following day, at noon, were fifty miles from its mouth.

As we were now so short handed, it was necessary to take the sense of the remainder of the crew, whether they they were willing to navigate the vessel round Cape Horn: accordingly we assembled them all aft, and as I wished to get round to Chile, instead of returning to Montevideo for extra hands, upon my promising the crew a gratuity, in addition to their wages, they agreed unanimously to assist, and round the Horn we proceeded. We were only ten in number altogether, viz. the judge and his servant, the captain, two mates, a surgeon (passenger from England,) one man before the mast, a cook, a boy and myself; yet with this small crew did we perform what is called the most dangerous voyage

in the world, the mates volunteering to go aloft and assist in reefing.

We steered between the Falkland Islands and the main land, and, the weather proving fine and fair, on the 14th day got off what is termed the stormy promontory of Cape Horn, steering near to the island of Deigo Ramirez, and expected, on the day following, to "make our westing," that is, to get safely into the Pacific Ocean, when a storm arose from the north-west, which drove us to leeward about three hundred miles, and it was twenty-two days before we again came in sight of Diego Ramirez. During that period of three weeks, with little intermission, the weather had been boisterous, and one of the mates, the steward, and a boy, fell ill in consequence of the inclemency of the weather and hard duty. I was obliged both to pull the ropes and take the helm, for the rest were almost worn out, and indeed Judge Prevost assisted in trimming the vessel for the general safety.

Our cook was a man of gigantic stature and strength, and, being an excellent sailor, could go

aloft, reef and handle the sails, and proved of great service. At length we got into the calm Pacific, and, on the 23d December, 1820, the one hundred and thirty-fifth day of this voyage, we steered into the bay of Valparaiso.

On our arrival in Chile, we found the public mind in great anxiety about the expedition which had sailed the preceding June to make a descent upon Peru. It consisted of five thousand men, commanded by General San Martin, and was then encamped about four leagues from Lima. This expedition had not been fitted out without considerable effort, on account of the dearth of money in the treasury, and it was finally accomplished through the aid of foreign merchants, who afforded "the needful," by a handsome loan to the Chile government. Lord Cochrane was at this period blockading Lima.

Valparaiso had improved considerably since my first visit to that port; there were several English and North American commercial establishments already formed. Judge Prevost and myself, on the day after our arrival, proceeded up to the capital.

At Casa Blanca, an Englishman, who had been a steward to a vessel, had taken a house as an inn, and upon a board was painted, in *English*, the following words—"Acomodaçion—Good beds for a gentleman and his horse." This curious sign dangled from the top of a high pole, on the road side; we put up at the house, and found it well stored with provisions and liquors. Every thing was in a progressive state of improvement on the road towards the capital: the huts were cleaner and better furnished, and it was even possible to get tea or coffee at almost every posthouse. On Christmas Day we dined at Pudaguel, upon some dried goat's flesh, and in the evening arrived safe at Santiago.

As I do not profess, in this work, to give a geographical account of Chile, I must refer my readers to a map of the country for its bearings and boundaries. It however appears divided, by nature, into three sections, the north of which is barren, but abounds in copper and silver; the centre is composed of rich valleys, and corn is raised in abundance, but there is little wood;

the province of Concepcion, in the South, is also very fertile, and abounds in good timber of considerable size.

The principal rivers are the Biobio, Ytata, Cachapoal, the Maule, and the Maypo; but there are a number of smaller streams which make their way from the Cordilleras into the sea; none of which are navigable. The country is thinly populated; the total number of inhabitants, at the present day, is not one million and a half.

On the third day after my arrival in Santiago, I sold the whole of my cargo, at a handsome advance on the invoice price, but, as the amount was very considerable, it was necessary to give long credit.

During my former residence in the country, I never had time to proceed on any tour of observation, either north or south, but being now somewhat at leisure, I took a trip forty leagues to the south, for the benefit of my health, with a party, and visited the famed mineral baths at Cauquenes, which are reckoned to possess very salubrious properties.

The servants were sent forward to prepare our quarters, and on the road we were forcibly struck with the beauty of the haciendas, to which we were frequently invited by the "patrones," so that, during the whole journey, we had nothing to pay. Those who have visited these baths will recollect the liberality of Don Antonio Balenzuela, whose large house and handsome estate are situated near the town of Rancagua, and whose doors are always open to the traveller: this gentleman entertained us with a very sumptuous dinner, consisting of a profusion of every thing the country afforded, and various sorts of wine.

The South of Chile abounds more in trees and the scenery is richer than nearer the capital; that delightfully romantic ride from Don Antonio's mansion to the baths, a distance of four leagues, is probably fresh in the remembrance of some of my readers. It is a narrow ravine, with a mountain torrent rushing through it; on the sides of the springing waters are high rocks, and

a bridge made of cables of hides is suspended across the stream; the back ground is a view of the Andes.

The hot baths of Cauquenes are one hundred feet above the river; the sides of the eminence are almost perpendicular, and on the top is a square formed of huts. These baths are the resort of invalids from all parts of Chile, and are particularly recommended for rheumatism and chronic affections. The hottest waters stand at 110 degrees of Farenheit. When the patient comes out of the bath, he is wrapped up in blankets, and carried on a bier to his bed, for the purpose of promoting perspiration. A course of bathing lasts a month; but it is worth the journey to go to Cauquenes for the scenery alone.

During my stay in Chile, at this period, the important news of the capture of Lima, by the patriot army, was received. The rejoicings upon this occasion were very great, and the event was celebrated by banquettings and illuminations.—The English, at this time, had a considerable squadron in Valparaíso, under the command of

Sir Thomas Hardy; and that officer, as well as the Hon. R. C. Spencer, the Hon. Orlando Bridgeman, and Captain D. O'Brien, were then in Santiago. It was certainly very fortunate that the officers of the navy, who had been sent out by our government to this hitherto unacknowledged country, were men extremely well adapted to further the British interests, by the ability they displayed in treating with the Chile government. On many occasions both firmness and conciliation were requisite, to prevent improper exactions being levied upon the property of the English merchants; and the above-named officers not only acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their own countrymen, but, by their gentlemanly manners in private life, tended to promote a favorable impression of "Los Ingleses" amongst the Chilenos: their names, as well as those of Bowles, Shirreff, Falcon, Hall, &c. live still in the memory of the inhabitants of the metropolis of Chile.

Having finished my affairs to my satisfaction, I resolved to return to England. The Honorable Robert Spencer, of His Majesty's ship Owen

Glendower, was then at Valparaiso, and he most obligingly offered me a passage on board his frigate. There were also on board a number of Spaniards from Lima, for whom Captain Spencer, with great humanity, curtailed his own comforts, to allow them room in his cabin, in order that they might be enabled to return to their native country. Amongst these passengers, amounting to seventeen, were General Ricaforte, the colonel of the Burgos regiment; Don Antonio, a Lima judge; the Marchioness of Caseres, and several Spanish ladies.

The Owen Glendower sailed from Valparaiso on the 10th October, 1821, and, after a very pleasant voyage round the Horn, on the thirty-fifth day we put into the harbour of Rio Janeiro, where the Spanish passengers went on shore, to embark direct for Cadiz. In six days the Owen Glendower put to sea again, and, after a most agreeable voyage, on the one hundred and fourth day from our departure from Valparaiso, she cast anchor at Spithead, saluted the flag-ship and had the compliment returned, after which I

proceeded towards the shore in one of the frigate's boats, and landed at Portsmouth.

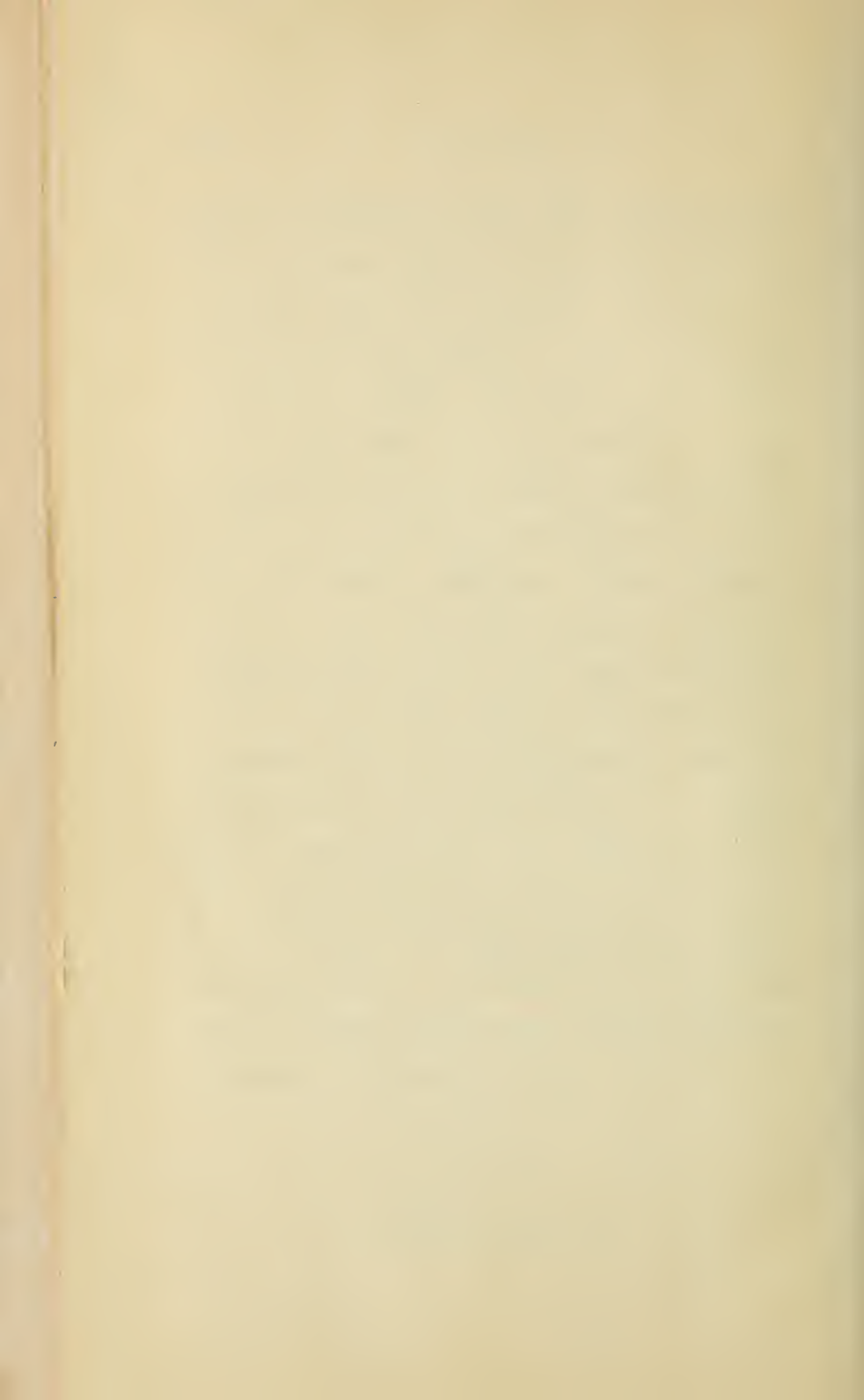
I should do injustice to my feelings to let pass this opportunity of expressing my sense of the very handsome manner in which I was treated whilst on board the *Owen Glendower*, by the Honorable Sir Robert Spencer and every officer on board the ship, amongst whom I may be permitted to name Lord E. Russell, Hon. G. D. Ryder, Hon. W. Anson, Hon. F. F. De Roos, and Messrs. G. Evans and J. Richards.

Previous to closing my final chapter, I must offer a few remarks upon the opinion of some people who, having constantly "the divine right" before their eyes, entertain a notion that, owing to the civil dissensions in the new republics of South America, if Spain were once enabled to send troops into that country, she would reconquer her former colonies: this is an erroneous opinion. There is little doubt that, had the Spanish government, in the early part of the revolution, manifested a conciliatory disposition to the Creoles, Spain would have retained its power

over the colonies, but when the people merely asked for their rights, it commenced a furious persecution upon the unfortunate colonists, and gave up the whole country to martial law; and the extreme cruelties which the Spanish chiefs inflicted upon the inhabitants tended to sunder the only remaining ties which Spain possessed over the moral feelings of the Americans. The names of Morillo, Morales, Tristan, Marco, Osorio, &c. are written in characters of blood throughout these regions, and their deeds have torn for ever, from the mother country, these valuable colonies. The spirit of independence, "Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye," is now too deeply rooted in those republics ever to admit of a chance of the people degenerating into their ancient bondage, and though the early pages of their history may be disfigured by accounts of civil broils, all parties are firmly united in the resolution of never submitting to any foreign yoke.

THE END.

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